

THE  
**MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE:**  
 OR,  
**MONTHLY MUSEUM**  
 OF  
*KNOWLEDGE and RATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT.*

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No. XII.] FOR DECEMBER, 1794. [Vol. VI.

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*WITH TWO HANDSOME ENGRAVINGS.*

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# TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Proprietors of the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE, for a considerable increase of patronage, during the year, since they purchased the copyright of their predecessors, feel grateful to the liberality of a literary community. At the same time, they regret, that the remissness of their subscribers, at a distance from the metropolis, the appreciation of journey-work, and the enhanced price of paper, will necessitate them to omit the publication of the Magazine, for three months after the completion of the present volume. This interval, they flatter themselves, will enable them to collect their outstanding debts, and to revive their Monthly Museum, on an improved plan, which shall more equally repay them for their labour, and the public for its patronage.

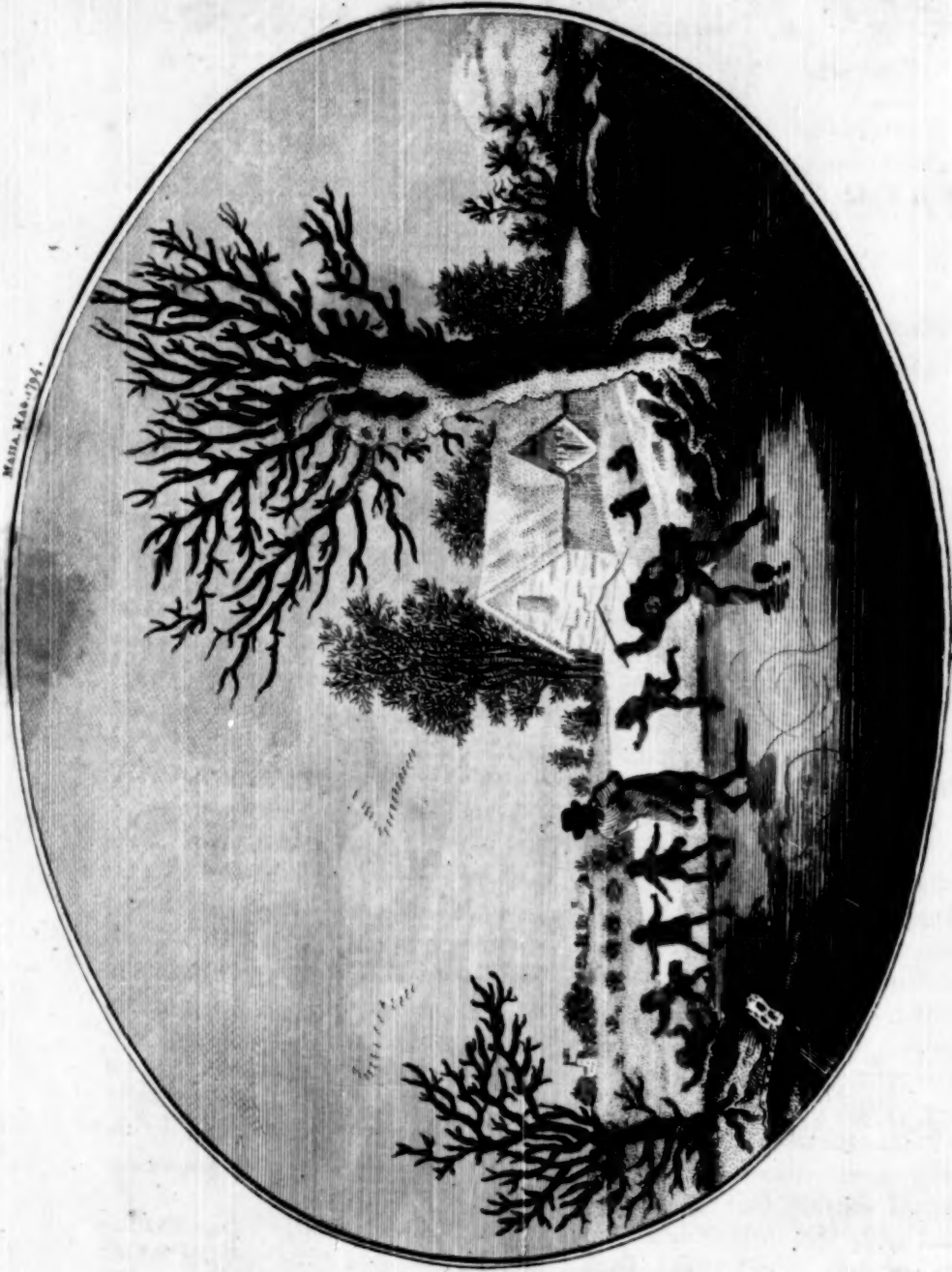


## PRICES OF PUBLIC SECURITIES, BANK STOCK, &c.

December.	Six per Cents.	Three per Cents.	Defer'd Stock.	Massachus. State Notes.	U.S. Shares. ab. par.	Massachus. Bank Shares.	Union Bank Shares. ab. pr.	Final & L. Of. Cert. inter. fr. Jan. 1788.	Reg. Dt. with int. fr. March 4, 1789.	Indents. Int. on Loan Off.	Cer. & Reg. Dt. New Emission Money.	O. Emif. Mo.
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JOHN MARSTON, Stock Broker.





MARIA W. 1874.

WINTER.





THE  
MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

FOR DECEMBER, 1794.

W I N T E R.

[The annexed PLATE is an emblematical representation of WINTER.]

THE wisdom and the power of the great Architect of the universe are not more conspicuous, in the worlds, which to the astronomer's view, rise on world, than is his goodness in the support furnished for the creatures that inhabit the earth. The natural causes, which occasion the frost and the storms of winter, give all the inhabitants of the earth, in turn, the beauties of Spring, the warmth of Summer, and the bounty of Autumn. Should the presiding Deity withdraw his hand from the system of nature, the heavenly bodies would interfere, and the beautiful structure of the solar system would return to its former chaos. Should the earth meet with obstruction in its diurnal motion, we might be scorched with the instant blaze of the sun, or left in perpetual frost and darkness. But uniform is the operation of the great principle of nature, benevolent is its Author, and with devout gratitude we may exclaim, Allelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

"Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!

That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!

Winter, that apparently is the destruction of vegetable life, fertilizes the ground.

"At present the earth is buried under ice and snow—the inhabitants of the forest howl more hideously—the wild beasts are pressed with hunger, the whole world appears dead: But under this appearance of death, God watches over fainting nature, and calls to existence things which are not yet in being."

Remember, ye wealthy and affluent, the sons and daughters of affliction and distress! Think of those, into whose shattered dwellings poverty enters to increase the inclemency and the horrors of the present season. Distribute bread to the hungry, and clothes to the naked.

Be

Be the ministers of heaven to the poor and the sorrowful, God will accept the tribute as the most pleasing sacrifice, and the blessing of those who were ready to perish shall come upon you—

—————" Thought fond man  
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
'That one incessant struggle render life,  
One scene of toil, of suff'ring, and of fate,  
Vice in his high career would stand ap-  
pall'd,  
And heedless, rambling Impulse, lean to  
think;  
The conscious heart of Charity would  
warm,  
And her wide soul Benevolence dilate;  
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;  
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
Refining still, the social passions work."

As pass the seasons of the year,  
so pass the periods of human life.

" 'Tis done ! dread winter spreads his lat-  
est glooms,  
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd  
year.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies  
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide ex-  
tends

His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !  
See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few  
years,

Thy flow'ring spring, thy summer's ardent  
strength,

The sober autumn fading into age,  
And pale, concluding winter comes at last,  
And shuts the scene. Ah, whither now  
are fled

Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid  
hopes

Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?  
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling  
days ?

Those gay spent, festive nights ? those veer-  
ing thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy  
life ?

All now are vanish'd. Virtue sole sur-  
vives,

Immortal, never failing friend of man,  
His guide to happiness on high.

---

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### The INVESTIGATOR. No. V.

The tune of my Colin, has ceas'd  
To rouse up the smile of content ;  
He once had my sorrow appeas'd,  
But now can no sorrow prevent.  
I feel that my riches are gone,  
I know that my Colin is poor ;  
Then how can my nature be shown,  
When poverty knocks at the door ?

When the poor little child of despair,  
All naked and wretched appears,  
With form, that's enchantingly fair,  
Yet wash'd with the tide of her tears.  
But, ah, I have nothing to give ;  
Yet, how can I turn her away ?  
How see the sweet innocent grieve ?  
Or hear she is gone to decay.

**W**HILE we allow *keen sensibili-*  
*ty* to be one of the finest  
and most amiable traits in the char-  
acter of man ; one of the greatest  
sources of benevolence and humani-  
ty ; we must, though ever so un-  
willing, pronounce the cause of  
wretchedness and affliction to many  
of its possessors. It is an indubita-

ble fact recorded in legible charac-  
ters on the death-roll of every na-  
tion.

May we not with propriety, in  
our reflections on human nature,  
set it down as a matter of doubt  
which is the happiest of the two ;  
the man who possesses a delicate  
formation of nerves, who melts at  
the

the tale of sorrow; shudders at the sound of affliction, and as far as in him lies, pours the oil of consolation into the wounds of misery; or the man, who jogs on through life with honesty and good nature for his companions; though little affected at any, save his own bodily infirmities, yet willing, if necessity required, to lend a lift "in helping a fallen brother, but awkward at weeping with the child of sensibility, and willing to bear the appellation of phlegmatic? Some, at first view, may be led to pronounce in favour of the former, and even allege it is beyond a doubt, that he is the happiest." To such we would recommend the study of human nature, and a dose of reflection, which like elixir-asmatic has, happily, the power of quieting the nerves of inconsiderate impetuosity, and of stopping the mouth of impudent folly.

The pleasure of that man, whose every feeling is alive, being founded on a peculiarity of incidents; being closely connected with the situation and circumstances of those around him, and particularly dependent on the interest he possesses; that every little occurrence affects him materially. If he sees an object of charity, his happiness depends upon alleviating his misery; the accomplishment of which is not optional, but dependent on the property of him, who has a desire to bestow. Now, if he is poor, he will not only have the pain, which arises from viewing a fellow mortal in distress, but the reflection of his impossibility to assist him.

The satisfaction and delight he experiences, be they ever so great, are of so nice and frail a nature, so peculiarly mental, that the closet of retirement seems to be the chief place of enjoyment. His passing

by a scene of riot and dissipation, (if a man of morality,) upon his return from visiting an expiring wretch, whom he had in vain attempted to relieve; must awake in his mind sensations truly distressing; such sensations, as the closet, instead of diminishing, would greatly increase.

An inadvertent remark on some character present, though contrary to the knowledge of the man of feeling; a remark trivial in itself, separate from its being made on a character, supposed to be absent, would unfit him for the pleasure of the society he was in, and afford ample reflection for the night ensuing.

The phlegmatic person, though he does not possess these finer feelings, is far from being brutal, stupid, or unthoughtful. The above mentioned incidents, it is true, affect him, but not so materially; they do not raise that disquietude in his mind, which operates so powerfully on the other, but give a pang like the electric shock, which is soon over. The time, which the other spends in viewing the minute occurrences of nature; he occupies in surveying the grand and mighty whole. His ideas are certainly more enlarged, though perhaps not so correct; while the other is gazing his life-time on a single planet, to trace out the finger of Deity, he looks on the sea, earth and heavenly bodies, with rapture and astonishment, as the works of God.

Though the pleasures of the phlegmatic are not so delicate and refined, they are more substantial, and unaccompanied with that anxiety, which gives a zest to those of the man of feeling. Is he not as beneficial to his neighbours as the former? They are generally of the same cast with himself: Now, if he

is,



is, which I think is beyond a doubt, he is as valuable a member of society.

The endearments of life to him are far greater; he feels more contented with his condition; for it is in that he expects his greatest enjoyments; the most solid happiness, and the only corporal pleasure. As to honesty and religion, they have an equal claim, for they are by no means connected with either, that is, it does not require honesty or religion to make a man keenly sensible, or truly phlegmatic. It is true he has an idea of heaven, and supposes it a place of solemn holiness, real virtue, and unending bliss; but cannot relish those fine poetic descriptions, which awake the lively imagination to ecstasy of delight, and elevate the soul to a foretaste of those celestial regions.

"Where all united praise the eternal One,  
As from the orient rolls the radiant sun;  
All join in concert, all in sacred praise  
Attune their harps, and strike celestial lays,  
Unceasing glory swells the holy space,  
And little cherubs hymn eternal peace:"

The man of keen sensibility, if poor, is miserable for life, without benefitting the meanest of creation. To the rich it opens a vein of happiness, not to be enjoyed by himself so much as by the sons of misfortune, who claim his protection, or inhabit his neighbourhood. Its operations on the mind are so diversified, and lead to actions so entirely different in themselves, that it is impossible oftentimes to distinguish its subjects from those of folly. In *Harley's* munificence to the beggar, and attention to the unfortunate Miss Atkins, we behold its divine operations, and instinctively admire the man. But when we see "The Ghost, or oddish man" pinching the ear of a favourite lap-

dog, for laying in a chair, once occupied by this beloved and deceased friend, we may laugh at the action, but lose all respect for the character. Yet both of these were men of the tenderest feeling and keenest sensibility; their former actions evinced it—it was indisputable.

There are many things in life the generality of mankind look upon as trifling and unworthy attention, which to men of feeling, are materially pleasing or disgusting. It is with minds as with bodies; some can walk over stones and briars without feeling in the least incommoded, while a pebble in the shoe of *Harley* unfits him for pleasure.

A kind of lunacy is ever attendant on people of this tender description; they appear continually in a state of listlessness, always aiming at something new and ideal, which gives not only unhappiness to themselves, but renders them disagreeable to those who are their companions in life. They generally view the world on its sombre side; and sorrow cuts them with its sharpest edge. This makes them cry out with Goldsmith;—

And what is friendship, but a name,  
A charm, that lulls to sleep;  
A shade, that follows wealth, or fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep?

The phlegmatic person is pretty easy and contented; willing to suppose others as good as himself; and if ever we hear him break forth in rapturous language, it is with Edwin, in this beautiful stanza.

Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;  
For earth-born cares are wrong:  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long,

The



For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The ESSAYIST. No. XIII.

A V A R I C E.

*— Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
Auri sacra fames !*

VIRG.

Insatiate avarice, cursed thirst for gain !

What age, what nation has not own'd thy sway !

Despair and horror wanton in thy train ;

Crimes, pains, and slaughters, mark thy dreadful way,

**M**ANY and various are the passions, which reign in the human heart. Of these, no one, perhaps is more despicable, with respect to its object, or more pernicious in its consequences, than avarice. The mischiefs, which it has occasioned in the natural, civil, and moral world, deform the faithful page of history, and mark with blood the annals of man.

For one dreadful example let us turn our eyes to the conquest of Mexico and Peru. We there see the Spaniards, instigated by an insatiable thirst for gold, encountering the most incredible hardships, fatigues, and dangers ; bursting every sacred band of virtue, religion, and humanity ; and wading to boundless wealth, through the blood of millions. The shocking barbarities exercised on those, who had nothing barbarous but the name, and whose only crime was to be rich, have stamped indelible infamy on the characters of the brutal conquerors of the new world, and will never be forgotten, nor cease to be deplored, while the least spark of benevolence remains in the breast of man.

But the unhappy subject of this despotic passion suffers in himself greater miseries, if possible, than those, which he occasions to others. He must therefore be allowed to possess *one virtue*, if he can boast no other. He loves his neighbour and himself with equal affection. He is

perfectly disinterested in all his dealings, for he never consults his own happiness. Though immersed in gold, the miser is wretched with anxiety still to accumulate. The poorest beggar has infinitely more real enjoyment, than this self-tormentor. His affections know no object but riches ; he adores no god but gold. He is guilty of the worst of frauds ; he cheats himself. He grudges the scanty pittance, which is necessary to support his attenuated frame. In short, he is an enemy to himself, a plague to his connexions, a pest to society, and a disgrace to humanity.

At this dear rate do misers purchase gold ?  
For glittering dust is every pleasure sold ?  
Is honest fame with all its charms resign'd,  
Which feeds, which fills, which fires the  
high-born mind ?

Must social joys, and friendship's sacred  
ties,

To sordid avarice fall a sacrifice ?

Is innocence, and heaven and virtue lost,  
That here a useless treasure they may  
boast ?

Then farewell, gilded poison, farewell  
wealth !

Give me, kind heaven, but peace, content,  
and health ;

Enough to spare, the beggar's suit to grant ;  
Relieve the widow's and the orphan's  
want ;

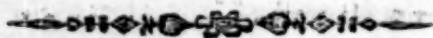
Enough to cheer the fainting heart of grief,  
And yield to modest suffering worth relief ;  
I ask no more ; the rest let others share ;  
For more would be the poverty I fear.

CALLANTRY :

## GALLANTRY: An Anecdote.

THE following is an account of the courageous behaviour of one Gillet, a French quarter master, who, going home to his friends, had the good fortune to save the life of a young woman, attacked by two ruffians. He fell upon them, sabre in hand, unlocked the jaw of the first villain, who held a poinard to her breast, and at one stroke pared the nails of the other (who was armed with a pistol) just above the wrist. Money was offered by the grateful parents; he refused it; they offered him their daughter, a young girl of 16, in marriage; the veteran, then in his 73d year, declined, saying, "Do you think that I have rescued her from instant death, to put her to a lingering one, by coupling so lively a body with one worn out with age?" This action has been recorded by one of the best painters in Paris, and was exhibited,

not long since, in the royal gallery at the Louvre. Several of the spectators wished to see the hero of the tale; after some researches, the modern Perseus was found in the infirmary within the college of invalids, where he had been for three months, without having uttered a word of his adventure. Monsieur de ——— president of the parliament, brought him to the Louvre, where he was received amidst the applause and congratulations of persons of the first rank, who were all eager in offering him money; but this he absolutely refused to accept of. The Governor of the college obtained of the then Minister, that the annuity of 200 livres, should be continued to him during life, though that kind of half pay generally ceases when a veteran accepts of a retreat in the invalids.



## REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

[Related in a letter from a gentleman at Smyrna to his friend in London.]

IN the night of the 5th of last June, the inhabitants of the island of Tonedos, in the Archipelago, were very much alarmed by several very severe shocks of an earthquake. In the morning, to their great surprise, they discovered a small island, about half a mile in circumference, emerged from the sea, between them and the Asiatic shore. In the center was observed a small volcano, out of which issued smoke of a reddish hue. When I heard this extraordinary account, I was determined to be an eye witness of it, and therefore hired a small vessel,

which soon conveyed me there. I was told it had increased much since the night it first sprung, and still continued doing the same.

As the inhabitants are very ignorant and superstitious, they were afraid to venture near it; I therefore set out for the spot with my servant: We tied the boat to a rock of the new island, and proceeded upon it. I observed several branches of coral dispersed upon the island; likewise, different sorts of shellfish. A most wonderful noise proceeded from the volcano, resembling the rumbling of waggons.

## System of WAR among the INDIANS.

[From Dr. WILLIAMS's History of Vermont.]

THE civil regulations of the savages were all designed to qualify and prepare them for war. Among the causes that lead to this, an opposition of interests, was the most common and powerful. No people ever had more clear, or more just ideas of their own rights and property, than the Indians. They not only understood their own personal rights, but they were perfectly well acquainted with the rights and property, that were vested in the tribe. Each tribe claimed the soil in their own domains. This right was viewed as complete, perfect, and exclusive: Such as entitled them to the full and entire possession; and to oppose by force and violence, all encroachments upon the soil, or game, in any part of the their territories. The bounds of these territories were extensive, and ill defined. Real or supposed encroachments and injuries, were constantly taking place. Hence arose innumerable subjects of dispute and controversy, which easily inflamed the fierceness of the savage temper, and brought on mutual injuries, reproaches, hostilities, and war. In this state, most of the Indian tribes were found. Interest had become a source of discord, among the neighbouring tribes. From this cause, arose most of their inveterate and perpetual wars.

The manner in which the Indians carry on their wars, is very different from that of civilized nations. To defend themselves against an enemy, they have no other fortification but an irregular kind of fortress, which they call a castle, or fat. It consisted of a square, without bastions, surrounded with palisadoes. This was erected where the most consid-

erable number of the tribe resided, and was designed as an asylum for their old men, their women, and children, while the rest of the tribe were gone out to war.—The weapons of the Indian were a club made of hard wood; a bow and arrow. Thus armed, the Indian takes with him a small bag of corn, and is completely equipped for a campaign. When he takes the field, it is with such a number of warriors as the tribe can supply. During their march, they are dispersed in straggling companies, that they may better supply themselves by hunting. When they approach near to the enemies' frontiers, their troops are more collected: All is then caution, stratagem, secrecy, and ambuscade. Their employment as hunters has taught them great address and vigilance, in following and surprising the game. Their mode of war is the same, as that of hunting. With great ingenuity, they will find and follow the track of their enemies: With a surprising patience and perseverance, they will wait for the moment, when they find him the least able to defend himself. And when they can find an enemy unprepared, they make their attack with great fury, and with pretty sure success. In their battles, they always endeavour to secure themselves behind the trees or rocks, and never meet their enemy in the open field, or upon equal terms, if they can avoid it. The method of the Europeans, of deciding a battle in the open field, they regard as extreme folly and want of prudence. Their established maxims are to obtain a superiority in situation, numbers, concealment, or some other circumstance before the battle:



In this way, to preserve the lives of their own party, and destroy their enemies, with as little loss as possible to themselves. A victory obtained with the loss of many of their own party, is a matter of grief and disgrace, rather than of exultation : And it is no honour to fall in the field of battle, but viewed rather as an evidence of want of wisdom, discernment, and circumspection.—When the attack is to be made, nothing can exceed the courage and impetuosity of the savage. The onset begins with a general outcry, terminating in a universal yell. Of all the sounds that discord has produced, the Indian warwhoop is the most awful and horrid. It is designed and adapted to increase the ardour of those who make the attack, and to carry terror and horror into the feelings of those, on whom the attack is made. The Indians immediately come forward, and begin the scene of outrage and death. All is then a scene of fury, impetuosity, and vengeance. So great is the rage of the savage, that he has no regard to discipline, subordination, and order. Revenge, takes an entire possession of his soul : Forgetful of all order, regardless of discipline and danger, he aims only to butcher and destroy.—If the Indians remain masters of the field, they always strip and scalp the dead. Leaving the bodies of their enemies, naked, unburied, and often mangled, they carry off the plunder and scalps, and make a very swift and sudden retreat. Upon their approach to their own tribe, a herald is sent forward to announce the event : The tribe is collected, and the conquerors make their entry with their ensigns of triumph : The scalps stretched upon a bow, and elevated upon a pole,

are carried before them, as the tokens of their valour and success, and monuments of the vengeance they have inflicted upon the enemies of their country.

The prisoners which they have taken, make an important part of their triumph. The savages are anxious to take as many of these as possible. During their march, they are generally treated with a degree of humanity and kindness ; but the greatest care is taken to prevent their escape. When they arrive at the place of their destination, the old men, women, and children of the Indian tribe, form themselves into two lines, through which the prisoners must run the gantlet to the village. If the prisoner is young, active, and a good runner, he makes his way through the lines without receiving much injury. If he is weak, old, and infirm, he receives much damage by the blows, stripes, and bruises, he receives. When this scene is finished, the prisoners are conducted to the village, treated with apparent good humour, and fed as well as the Indians' fare admits.

To the village, thus assembled, the head warrior of the party relates every particular of the expedition. When he mentions their losses, a bitter grief and sorrow appears in the whole assembly. When he pronounces the names of the dead, their wives, relations, and friends, put forth the most bitter shrieks, and cries. But no one asks any question, or interrupts the speaker with any inquiry. The last ceremony is to proclaim the victory. Every individual forgets his own loss and misfortune, and joins in the triumph of his nation. Their tears cease, and with one of the most unaccountable transitions in human nature, they pass at once from



from the bitterness of sorrow to all the extravagance of joy. The whole concludes with a savage feast, songs, and dance.

The fate of the prisoners is next to be decided. The elders and chiefs assemble and deliberate concerning their destiny. The women and children are disposed of, according to the pleasure of their captors; but they are seldom or never put to torture, or death. Of the men, some are appointed to supply the places of such Indians as have fallen in battle. These are delivered to their friends and relations, and if they are received by them, they have no sufferings to fear: They are adopted into the family, and succeed to all the privileges of the deceased; and are esteemed as friends, brothers, and near relations. But if they are not received and admitted into the family, or if they are destined to be put to death, a most distressing and horrid scene ensues.

A stake is fixed firmly in the ground. At the distance of eight or ten feet, dry wood, leaves, and faggots, are placed in a circle round the stake: And the whole village is collected, to bear their part in the tragedy, which is to ensue. The prisoner is led to the stake, and tied to it by his hands, in such a manner that he may move freely round it. Fire is set to the wood, that as it runs round the circle, the unhappy victim may be forced to run the same way. As the sufferings of the prisoner begin to become severe, the acclamations of the spectators begin. The men, women, and children, strive to exceed each other, in finding out new and keener methods of torment. Some apply red hot irons, others stab and cut with their knives, others mangle and tear off the flesh,

others again bite off the nails and joints, or twist and tear the sinews. Every species and degree of cruelty, that savage rancour and revenge can invent and apply, is tried upon the wretched sufferer. But great care is taken that the vital parts may not be so injured, as to bring the torments of the victim to a speedy end.—In this horrid situation, the sufferer is undaunted and intrepid. He reviles and insults his tormentors. He accuses them of cowardice, meanness, and want of spirit; as ignorant, unskilful, and destitute of ingenuity and invention in the art of tormenting. Not a groan, a sigh, a tear, or a sorrowful look, is suffered to escape him. To insult his tormentors, to display undaunted and unalterable fortitude in this dreadful situation, is the most noble of all the triumphs of the warrior. With an unaltered countenance, and with the decisive tone of dignity and superior importance, the hero proceeds with great calmness to sing the song of his death—"Intrepid and brave, I feel no pain, and I fear no torture. I have slain, I have conquered, I have burnt mine enemies; and my countrymen will avenge my blood. Ye are a nation of dogs, of cowards, and women. Ye know not how to conquer, to suffer, or to torture. Prolong and increase my torments, that ye may learn from my example how to suffer and behave like men!" With such unconquerable magnanimity and fortitude, the sufferer perseveres under ever method of torment and torture. Wornied with cruelty, and tired with tormenting the man whose fortitude they cannot move, one of the chiefs, in a rage, concludes the scene, by knocking the prisoner on the head, or stabbing him to the heart.

These scenes, however, were not common.

common. They seem to have been kind of honours, reserved for the warriors ; and were the trials of their courage and fortitude. And nothing was esteemed more base and ignominious, than to shrink from them, or to shew any sense of fear or pain under them.

When the prisoners were adopted into the tribe of the conquerors, nothing could exceed the kindness and affection, with which they were treated. All distinction of tribes was forgot ; they held the same rank as the deceased person, whose place they filled ; and were treated with all the tenderness due to the husband, the brother, the child or friend. And it was generally the case, that the savages avoided abuse and cruelty to the women and children, that fell into their hands.

The Indian method of carrying on a war, was so contrary to the maxims and customs of all civilized nations, that some of the European writers, judging from their own customs, have concluded it was founded on cowardice, and arose from an ignoble and timid spirit, afraid to meet its opposers on equal ground, and depending wholly on craft, and not at all on courage and firmness of mind. No conclusion was ever further from the truth. When placed in a critical and dangerous situation, no people ever discovered more valour, firmness, and intrepidity. When subdued, an Indian was never known to ask for his life. When compelled to suffer, the Indian bore it with a steadiness, a fortitude, and a magnanimity, unknown to all other nations ; and of which, there are no examples in the history of war.—His method of war did not arise from a sense and fear of danger ; he was well acquainted, and always in the midst of this ; but it

arose from his situation and employment, and was perfectly well adapted to it. From his situation and employment as an hunter, he acquired the art of ambuscade and surprise ; and the method with which he could best succeed in taking his game, he found to be the most successful to ensnare and overcome his enemy. The situation and state of the country, overspread with thick forests, lead to the same method. The situation of the tribe, scattered and dispersed in the woods, suggested the same idea. The method of fighting could not be in the open fields, but among the trees. And he wisely placed the point of honour, in the public good ; where the prospect and the probability of his success lay. Had the honour of the Indian warrior been placed, in courting fame and victory in the open field, the whole tribe would have been destroyed by the effusion of blood that must have succeeded. His maxims, therefore, were better chosen, and they were such as every circumstance in his situation and employment, naturally led him to : Not in an useless ostentation of daring courage and boldness, but in the public utility and advantage. So far as an enterprize depended on secrecy, subtlety, surprise, and impetuosity, the Indian method of war seems to have been fully equal to the European. The Spaniards, the French, the English, and the states of America, have had many and painful proofs of their address and prowess in this method. But when a fort was erected, or a small fortification to be carried, the Indian method of war wholly failed. Neither their arms, their arts, or their customs, were of any avail here. Wholly unacquainted with the art of fortification, they could neither erect,

or



or take a fort of any strength.—When the Europeans had once got possession of any part of their country, and erected a small fortification in their territories, they held it by a sure possession. The savages were wholly unable to dispossess them by their method of war, and nothing was left for them but to retreat further into the forests.—In this way, the English and French

were making constant advances into their country; and their art of war afforded them no sufficient means, either to prevent or to redress it. But when the Europeans followed them into the woods, where their strength and art might be employed to advantage, the Indians generally surprised and defeated their armies, with great havoc and slaughter.

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For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### The REPOSITORY. No. XXVII.

**A**N undue elevation must always be painful to an ingenuous mind. The trembling spirit, perturbed and anxious, surveys the picture, by a luxuriant fancy portrayed; it beholds it upon a lofty eminence; it compares it with the original; even self-love hesitates to acknowledge a striking conformity of lineaments, and honest veracity will hardly admit a resemblance. The delicately susceptible subject of too high wrought panegyric, catches a glance at the star-wreathed summit, on which imagination hath placed him; he snatches an agitated look; the conscious blush is upon his cheek, and, all abashed,

he sinks to the valley below. It is true that praise is undoubtedly sweet to the ear: It is like the gently murmuring stream, to the traveller emerging from the desert, who, spent by a fatiguing march through a long, barren, and sandy waste, blesses the limpid flow of the restoring waters. Yet *reason* assures us, that time will awake our eulogist; that we shall not always be viewed through false opticks, but that sooner or later, our abilities being impartially appreciated, our genuine character, with all its *real powers*, *yea*, and all its *imbecilities too*, will in its proper colours be disclosed.

CONSTANTIA.

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### The CONSTANT LOVERS: Or, the Adventures of PEDRO and CELESTINA.—A TALE.

[By the Chevalier de FLORIAN.]

**C**ELESTINA, at seventeen, was the most admired beauty in Grenada. She was an orphan and heiress to an immense fortune, under the guardianship of an old and avaricious uncle, whose name was Alonzo, and who passed his days in counting ducats, and his

nights in silencing serenades, nocturnally addressed to Celestina. His design was to marry her, for the sake of her great fortune, to his own son, Henriquez, who had studied ten years in the university of Salamanca, and was now able to explain Cornelius Nepos tolerably well.

Almost

Almost all the cavaliers of Grenada were in love with Celestina. As they could only obtain a sight of her, at mass, the church she frequented was filled with great numbers of the handsomest and most accomplished youths of the country.

One of the most distinguished among these was Don Pedro, a captain of cavalry, about twenty, not very rich, but of one of the first families. Handsome, polite, and witty, he drew on himself the eyes of all the ladies of Grenada; though he himself paid attention to none but Celestina; while she, not insensible to his attachment, began, on her part, to take considerable notice of her admirer.

Two months passed away without the lovers daring to speak, though, nevertheless, they silently said a great deal. At the end of that time Don Pedro, found the means of conveying a letter to his mistress; which informed her of what she knew before. The reserved Celestina had no sooner read this letter, than she ordered it to be sent back to Don Pedro; but as she possessed an excellent memory, she retained every word, and was able to return a very punctual answer a whole week afterwards.

A correspondence was now settled between the two lovers. Don Pedro was desirous to be still more intimate. He had long solicited permission to converse with Celestina through her latices; such is the custom in Spain; where the windows are of much more use during the night than the day. They are the places of rendezvous. When the street is vacant and still, the lover wraps himself up in his cloak, and, taking his sword, invoking love and night to favour him, proceeds to some low lattice, grated on

the side next the street, and secured on the inside by shutters.

He waits not long before the windows opens, softly, and the charming maid appears. She asks, in a tremulous voice, if any one is there. Her lover, transported at her condescension, endeavours to dispel her fears: They talk in a whisper, and repeat the same thing a hundred times. The gratings cannot hinder their interchanging vows; though they may prevent their kisses. The lover curses the envious bars, while his mistress thanks them for their friendly interposition. Day, at length, approaches, and they must separate. They are an hour in taking leave; and part, at last, without having said half the tender things they intended.

Celestina's lattice was on the ground floor, and opened into a narrow passage, where the houses were ill built, and only inhabited by the lower class of people. Don Pedro's old nurse happened to occupy a tenement directly opposite the window of Celestina. Pedro, therefore, repaired to his nurse. My good woman, said he, I have been much to blame to suffer you to live so long in this miserable habitation; but I am determined to make you amends by giving you an apartment in my own house. Come and reside in that, and leave me to dispose of this.

The honest woman could not refrain from tears; and, for a long time, refused; but, at last, overcome by his solicitations, she consented to the exchange, with every expression of gratitude, for the kindness of her benefactor.

Never did any monarch enter his palace with more satisfaction than Don Pedro took possession of the hovel of his nurse.

Early in the evening Celestina appeared



appeared at her lattice. She promised to repair thither every other day, and she kept her word. These delightful interviews served only to increase the flame of love; and, very soon the lovers' nights were passed in pleasing conversation, and their days in writing passionate epistles.

At length they both arrived at that intoxication of delight and anxiety which is the last period of the passion of love.

Just at this time, Henriquez, the intended husband of Celestina, arrived from Salamanca; bringing with him a declaration of his passion in latin, which had been written for him by the head of the college. The lovers consulted each other on this event at the lattice; but in the mean time the old guardian had drawn up a contract of marriage, and a day was fixed on for the celebration of the nuptials of Celestina and Henriquez.

Every one must perceive that, under such circumstances, the only remedy was to fly into Portugal. This was determined on, and it was also settled that the two lovers, on arriving at Lisbon, should first marry, and afterwards have recourse to the law against the guardian.

Celestina was to carry with her a box of jewels which had been left her by her mother. These were very valuable, and would be sufficient to maintain the happy couple till their law-suit should be decided in their favour. No plan could ever be laid with more prudence.

Nothing was now wanting but to contrive how to effect this escape; and, for this purpose, it was necessary to procure the key of the lattice. In this Celestina succeeded.

It was therefore resolved that the next night, at eleven, Don Pedro, after having ordered horses to wait

without the city, should come and fetch Celestina, who should descend from the window into the arms of her lover, and immediately set off for Portugal.

Don Pedro spent the whole day in preparations for his departure. Celestina, on her part, was equally busy in getting ready the little box she was to take with her. She was very careful not to omit securing in it a very fine emerald, which had been given her by her lover.

Celestina and her box were ready by eight in the evening; and before ten, Don Pedro, who had already provided carriages on the road to Andalusia, arrived at the appointed spot; his heart beating with preturbation and hope.

As he approached the place, he heard persons calling for help, and perceived two men attacked by five assassins, armed with swords and bludgeons. The brave Pedro forgot his own affairs to defend the lives of the assaulted. He wounded two, and put the other three assassins to flight.

What was his surprise, on more attentively considering those he had delivered, to perceive they were no other than Henriquez and Celestina's guardian, Alonzo! Some desperate young cavalier of the city, who was in love with Celestina, knowing it was intended that Henriquez should espouse her, had hired bravoos, a species of rascals but too common in Spain, to assassinate them; and had it not been for the valour of Don Pedro, the young scholar and the old miser would have found it no easy matter to have escaped with life.

Pedro did his utmost to avoid their grateful acknowledgements, but Henriquez, who piqued himself on having learned politeness in Salamanca, swore he should not leave

leave them that night. Pedro, in despair, had already heard the clock strike eleven. Alas! he knew not the mischief that had happened.

One of the braves, whom he had put to flight, had passed, muffled up in his cloak, near the lattice of Celestina. The night was extremely dark, and the unfortunate fair, having opened the window, imagining him to be Don Pedro, she presented him the box with joyful impatience,

Take our diamonds, said she, while I descend.

At the word *diamonds*, the bravo suddenly stopped, took the box, without speaking a word, and, while Celestina was coming down from the window, fled with the utmost precipitation.

Imagine the surprise of Celestina, when she found herself alone, in the street, and saw nothing of him whom she had supposed to be Don Pedro. She thought, at first, he had left her to avoid raising suspicion or alarm. She, therefore, hastily walked to a little distance, looked round on every side, and called in a low voice. But no Pedro could she see; no lover could she hear.

She was now seized with the most alarming apprehensions. She knew not whether it was most advisable to return home, or endeavour to find the horses and attendants of Don Pedro, that were waiting out of town. She continued to walk forwards, in the utmost uncertainty and distress, till she had lost herself among the streets; while her fears were redoubled by darkness and silence.

At length she met a person, whom she asked if she were far from the gate of the city. The stranger conducted her thither, but she found nobody waiting as she expected.

She dared not yet accuse her lover of deceiving her: still she hoped

he was at no great distance. She therefore, proceeded along the road, fearful at every bush, and calling Don Pedro at every step; but the farther she walked the more she was bewildered; for she had come out of the city on the side opposite to the Portugal road.

In the mean time, Don Pedro found himself unable to get away from the grateful Henriquez and his father. They would not suffer him to leave them for a moment, but obliged him to enter the house with them, to which Pedro, fearful of betraying his intent, and frustrating his dearest hopes, and imagining too that Celestina might be soon satisfied why he thus delayed, most reluctantly consented.

Alonzo hastens to the chamber of his ward, to inform her of the danger he had just escaped. He calls, but receives no answer; enters her apartment, and finds the lattice open; his cries collected the servants, the alarm is immediately given, Celestina is missing.

Pedro, in despair, immediately offered to go in quest of her. Henriquez, thanking him for the concern he expressed, declared his resolution of accompanying him. Pedro suggested that the probability of finding her would be greater if they took different roads. Accordingly, he hastened to rejoin his domestics; and not doubting but Celestina had taken the road to Portugal, put his horses on at full speed. But their swiftness only removed him farther from the object of his love; while Henriquez galloped towards the Alpuxarian mountains, the way Celestina had actually gone.

In the mean time, Celestina continued to wander disconsolate, along the road that leads to the Alpuxares, seeking her lover. Anon she



she heard the clattering of approaching horses; and, at first, imagined it might be her beloved Pedro: but, afterwards, fearful of discovery, the violence of travellers, or, perhaps, robbers, she concealed herself trembling behind some bushes.

Here she presently saw Henriquez pass by, followed by a number of servants. Shuddering at the danger of being again in the power, and dreading a second time to submit to the redoubled tyranny of Alonzo, if she continued in the high road, she turned aside, and took refuge in a thick wood.

The Alpuxares are a chain of mountains which extend from Granada to the Mediterranean. They are only inhabited by a few peasants. To these, fear and terror conducted the unfortunate maiden. A dry and stony soil, with a few oak trees, thinly scattered, some torrents and echoing catteracts, and a number of wild goats, leaping from precipice to precipice, are the only objects which present themselves to the eyes of Celestina, as soon as day begins to break. Exhausted, at length, with weariness and vexation, her feet being torn by the rugged stones over which she had passed, she sat down under a rock, through the clefts of which a limpid water gently oozed.

The silence of this grotto, the wildness of the landscape around, the hoarse and distant murmur of several cascades, and the noise of the water near her, falling drop by drop into the basin it had hollowed beneath, all conspired to convince Celestina she was alone in the midst of a desert, abandoned by her lover, who to her was the whole world.

She sat herself down on the edge of this stream, to vent her grief in tears, reflecting on the miseries that seemed to threaten her; but, above

all, on her lost Don Pedro, whom, at moments, she still flattered herself she should one day regain.

It certainly was not him, said she, whom I saw carry off my diamonds. I must have been mistaken. Yet, how was it possible that my heart should not have informed me of the truth? No doubt he is now far hence, seeking me with anxiety and distraction; while I, as far distant from him, here am perishing.

While mournfully thus she ruminated, she heard, at the bottom of the grotto, the sound of a rustic flute.

Upon searching, she found a young goat-herd sitting at the foot of a willow, his eyes bedewed with his tears, and fixed on the water as it issued from its rocky source. In his hand he held a flageolet, and by his side lay a staff and a little parcel.

Shepherd, said Celestina, have pity on one abandoned, and shew me my way among these mountains, to some village, or habitation, where I may procure, though not repose, at least sustenance.

Alas! madam replied the goat-herd, I wish it were in my power to conduct you to the village of Gadara, behind these rocks; but you will not ask me to return thither, when you are informed my mistress is this day to be married to my rival. I am going to leave these mountains, never to behold them more: and I carry nothing with me but my flute, a change of dress, which I have in this parcel, and the memory of the happiness I have lost.

This short account suggested a new project to Celestina.

My friend, said she to the goat-herd, you have no money, which you will certainly want, when you have left this country. I have a few

few pieces of gold; these I will divide with you, if you will let me have the dress you say is in your parcel.

The goat-herd accepted the offer, Celestina gave him a dozen ducats, and, having informed herself which was the road to Gadara, took her leave of the despairing lover, and returned into the grotto, to put on her newly purchased disguise.

She came out habited in a vest of chamois skin, with a shepherd's wallet hanging by her side, and on her head a hat ornamented with ribbons. In this attire she appeared yet more beautiful than when adorned with brocades and jewels. She took the road to the village, and, stopping in the market place, inquired of the peasants if they knew of any farmer who wanted a servant.

The inhabitants surrounded her, and surveyed the stranger with admiration. The girls expressed their surprise at the beauty of her flowing ringlets; her elegant form, her graceful manner, the brilliancy of her eyes, even though dejected, their superior intelligence and mild benignity, astonish and delight all beholders. No one could conceive from whence came this beautiful youth. One imagines him a person of high distinction in disguise; another, a prince, in love with some shepherdess, while the school master, who was at the same time the poet of the village, declared it must be Apollo, sent down, a second time, to keep sheep among mortals.

Celestina, who assumed the name of Marcelio, was not long in want of a master. She was hired by an aged alcade of the village, esteemed one of the worthiest men in the whole province.

This honest countryman soon contracted the warmest friendship for Celestina. He scarcely suffered her to tend his flocks for a month before he gave her an employment within his house, in which the pretended Marcelio behaved with so much propriety and fidelity, that he was equally beloved by master and servants.

Before he had lived here half a year, the alcade, who was more than eighty, left the entire management of all he possessed to Marcelio: he even asked his opinion in all the causes that came before him, and never had any alcade decided with so much justice as he, from the time he permitted himself to be guided by the advice of Marcelio. Marcelio was beloved, and proposed as an example to all the village: his affability, his pleasing manner, and his good sense, gained every heart. See the excellent Marcelio, cried the mothers to their sons, he is continually with his master, he is perpetually employed in rendering his old age happy, and never neglects his duty, like you, to run after the shepherdesses.

Two years passed away in this manner. Celestina, whose thoughts were continually employed on her lover, had sent a shepherd, in whom she could confide, to Grenada, to procure information concerning Don Pedro, Alonzo, and Henriquez. The shepherd brought word back, that Alonzo was dead, Henriquez married, and that Don Pedro had not been seen or heard of for these last two years.

Celestina now lost all hopes of ever again beholding her lover, and, happy in being able to pass her days in that village, in the bosom of peace and friendship, had resolved to bid an eternal adieu to love,



love, when the old alcade, her master, fell dangerously ill. Marcelio attended his last moments with all the affection of a son, and the good old man behaved to him like a grateful father; he died, and left all he possessed to the faithful Marcelio. But his will was by no means a sufficient consolation to his heir.

The whole village mourned for the alcade, and, after funeral rites had been celebrated with more sorrow than pomp, the inhabitants of the place assembled to choose a successor. In Spain, certain villages have the right of nominating their own alcade, whose office it is to decide their differences, and take cognizances of greater crimes, by arresting and examining the offenders, and delivering them over to the superior judges, who generally confirm the sentence of those rustic magistrates; for good laws are generally perfectly consonant to simple reason.

The villagers, being met, agreed, with one voice, that no one could be so proper to succeed the late alcade, as the youth whom he seemed to have designed for his successor. The old men, therefore, followed by their sons, came with all the usual ceremonies to offer Marcelio the white wand, the ensign of the vacant office. Celestina accepted it, and sensibly touched by such a proof of esteem and affection from these good people, resolved to consecrate to their happiness a life she had formerly intended to dedicate to love.

While the new alcade is busied with the duties of her office, let us return to the unfortunate Don Pedro, whom we left galloping towards Portugal, and continually removing farther from her he so anxiously sought.

He arrived at Lisbon, without obtaining any intelligence of Celestina, and immediately returned by the same road, to research every place he had before in vain examined; again he returned to Lisbon, but without success.

After six months ineffectual inquiry, having assured himself that Celestina had never returned to Grenada, he imagined she might perhaps be at Seville, where he knew she had relations. Immediately he hastened to Seville, there he found the relations of Celestina had just embarked for Mexico.

Pedro no longer doubted but his mistress was gone with them, and directly went on board the last ship which remained to sail. He arrived at Mexico, where he found the relations, but alas, no Celestina! they had heard nothing of her: he, therefore, returned to Spain. And now the ship is attacked by a violent storm, and cast on the coast of Grenada: himself, and a few of the passengers, save themselves by swimming; they land, and make their way to the mountains, to procure assistance, and, by chance or love, are conducted to Gadara.

Don Pedro, and his unfortunate companions, took refuge in the first inn, congratulating each other on the danger they had escaped. While they were discoursing on their adventures, one of the passengers began to quarrel with a foldier, concerning a box, which the passenger asserted belonged to him.

Don Pedro, desirous to put an end to the contention, obliged the passenger to declare what it contained, opening it at the same time to discover whether he spoke truth. How great was his surprise to find in it the jewels of Celestina, and, among them, the very emerald he had given her. For a moment he

stood

stood motionless, examining attentively the casket; and fixing his eyes, sparkling with rage, on the claimant, how came you by these jewels? said he, with a voice of terror.

What does it signify, replied the passenger, haughtily, how I came by them! it is sufficient that I am possessed of them.

He then endeavoured to snatch the casket from Don Pedro; but he, pushing him back, instantly drew his sword. Wretch, said he, confess your crime, or you die this moment. So saying, he attacked him with great fury: his antagonist defended himself with equal bravery, but presently received a mortal wound, and fell.

Don Pedro was immediately surrounded, and seized by the people of the house. They take him to prison, and the master of the inn sends his wife to fetch the clergyman of the parish, that he may administer spiritual comfort to the dying man, while he runs himself to the alcade, to carry the casket, and inform him of the whole adventure.

How great was the surprise, the joy, and the anxiety of Celestina, on perceiving her diamonds, and hearing the behaviour of the noble stranger. She immediately hastened to the inn, the minister was already there, and the dying man, induced by his exhortations, declared in presence of the alcade, that, two years before, as he was one night passing through a street in Grenada, a lady had given him that box, through a lattice, telling him to hold it till she came down, but that he immediately made off with the jewels; for which theft he asked pardon of God, and the unknown lady, whom he had injured. Immediately after this confession, he

expired, and Celestina ran to the prison.

How did her heart palpitate with expectation! she could no longer doubt but she should again see Don Pedro, but she feared she should be known by him; she therefore pulled her hat over her eyes, wrapped herself up in her cloak, and, preceded by her clerk and the goaler, entered the dungeon.

No sooner had she got to the bottom of the stairs, than she perceived Don Pedro. Her joy almost deprived her of speech; she leaned against the wall, her head sunk on her shoulders, and the tears streamed down her cheeks. She wiped them away, stopped a moment to take breath, and endeavouring to speak with firmness, approached the prisoner.

Stranger, said she, disguising her voice, you have killed your companion.—What could induce you to so horrid an action? These few words were all she could utter, and seating herself on a stone, she concealed her face with her hand.

Alcade, replied Don Pedro, I have committed no crime; it was an act of justice; but I beg for death. Death alone can end the continual miseries of which the wretch I have sacrificed to my revenge was the first cause. Condemn me, I wish not to make a defence. Deliver me from a life which is hateful to me, since I have lost what alone could render it delightful; since I can no longer hope to find—

He was unable to conclude, and his voice faintly expressed the name of Celestina.

Celestina trembled on hearing him pronounce her name. She could scarcely conceal her transports, but was ready to rise and throw herself into the arms of her lover.

lover. The presence, however, of so many witnesses, restrained her. She therefore turned away her eyes, and faintly requested to be left alone with the prisoner; she was obeyed.

Giving a free course to her tears, she advanced towards Don Pedro, and, offering him her hand, said to him, in a most affectionate tone, do you then still love her who lives for you alone?

At these words, at this voice, Pedro lifts his head, unable to believe his eyes. Oh, heaven! is it—is it my Celestina! or is it some angelic being, assuming her form? Yes, it is she, I can no longer doubt it, cried he, clasping her in his arms, and bathing her with his tears. It is my love, my life, and all my woes are ended.

No, said Celestina, as soon as she could recover speech, you are guilty of bloodshed, and I cannot free you from your fetters; but I will repair to-morrow to the superior judge, will inform him of the secret of my birth, relate to him our misfortunes, and, if he refuses me your liberty, I will return and end my days with you in this prison.

Marcelio immediately gave orders for the removal of Pedro from the subterraneous dungeon, to a less hideous place of security; took care that he should want for nothing, and afterwards returned home to prepare for his journey, the next day, when a most alarming event prevented his departure, and hastened the delivery of Don Pedro.

Some Algerine galleys, which had for several days pursued the ship on board of which Don Pedro was, arrived on the coast some time after the shipwreck; and willing to repay themselves for the trouble they had taken, had determined to land during the night. Two re-

negadoes, who knew the country, undertook to conduct the barbarians to the village of Gadara, and fulfilled their promise but too well.

About one in the morning, when labour enjoys repose, and villainy wakes to remorse, the dreadful cry of *to arms*, was heard.

The Moors had landed, and were burning and slaughtering all before them. The darkness of the night, the groans of the dying, and the shrieks of the terrified inhabitants, filled every heart with consternation. The trembling wives caught their husbands in their arms; and the old men sought succour from their sons. In a moment the village was in flames, the light of which discovered the goary scymitars and white turbans of the Moors.

Those barbarians, the flambeau in one hand, and the hatchet in the other, were breaking and burning the doors of the houses; and making their way through the smoking ruins, to seek for victims or for plunder, returned covered with blood, and loaded with booty.

Nothing is held sacred by these monsters. They force their way into the temples of the Most High, break the shrines, strip off the gold, and trample the holy relics under foot. Alas! what avail to priests their sacred character, to the aged their gray hairs, to youth its graces, or to infancy its innocence? Slavery, fire, devastation, and death, are every where, and pity is fled.

On the first alarm and tumult the alcade made all possible haste to the prison, to inform Don Pedro of the danger. The brave Pedro demanded a sword for himself and a buckler for the alcade. He takes Celestina by the hand, and makes his way to the market-place. There he addresses the fugitives.

My



My friends, cries he, are ye Spaniards, and do ye fly and abandon your wives and children to the fury of the infidels?

He stops them, collects them round him, inspires them with his own valour, and, more than human, for he is a lover and a hero, rushes, sabre in hand, on a party of the Moors, whom he breaks and disperses. The inhabitants recover their recollection and their courage, enraged behold their slaughtered friends, and hasten in crowds to join their leader.

Pedro, without quitting Celestina, and ever solicitous to expose his life in her defence, attacks the barbarians, at the head of his brave Spaniards, and, dealing destruction to all who make resistance, drives the fugitives before him, retakes the plunder and the prisoners, and only quits the pursuits of the enemy to return and extinguish the fires.

The day began to break, when a body of troops, who had too late received information of the descent of the infidels, arrived from a neighbouring town. The governor had put himself at their head, and found Don Pedro surrounded by women, children, and old men; who, weeping, kissed his hands, with unfeigned gratitude for having preserved their husbands, their fathers, or their sons.

The governor, informed of the exploits of Don Pedro, loaded him with praises and caresses; but Celestina, requesting to be heard, declared to the governor, in presence of the whole village, her sex; giving at the same time a relation of her adventures, the death of the bravo by Don Pedro, and the circumstances which rendered him excusable.

All the inhabitants, greatly af-

fectured with her story, fell at the feet of the governor, intreating pardon for the man to whom they were indebted for their preservation. The request was granted, and the happy Pedro, thus restored to his dear Celestina, embraced the governor, and blessed the good inhabitants. One of the old men then advanced. Brave stranger, said he, you are our deliverer, but you take from us our alcade; this loss, perhaps, outweighs your benefit. Double our blessings, instead of depriving us of our greatest; remain in this village; condescend to become our alcade, our master, our friend. Honour us so far as to permit nothing to abate our love for you. In a great city, the cowardly and the wicked, who maintain the same rank with yourself, will think themselves your equals; while, here, every virtuous inhabitant will look on you as his father; next to the Deity himself, you will receive from us the highest honour; and, while life remains, on the anniversary of this day, the fathers of our families will present their children before you, saying, behold the man who preserved the lives of your mothers.

Pedro was enchanted while he listened to the old man. Yes, cried he, my children; yes, my brethren, I will remain here. My life shall be devoted to Celestina and to you. But my wife has considerable possessions in Grenada. Our excellent governor will add his interest to ours, that we may recover them, and they shall be employed to rebuild the houses which have been burnt by the infidels. On this condition alone will I accept the office of alcade; and though I should expend in your service, both my riches and my life, I should still be your debtor; for it is you who have

have restored me my Celestina.

Imagine the transports of the good villagers, while Don Pedro spoke. The governor was a person of great power, and undertook to arrange every thing to his wish; and two days afterwards, the marriage was celebrated between Celestina and her lover.

Notwithstanding the late misfortunes, nothing could exceed the joy of the inhabitants.

The two lovers long lived in unexampled felicity; and, happy and virtuous themselves, made the whole district happy and virtuous likewise.

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For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

The G L E A N E R. No. XXXI.

Ten thousand ills from false conclusions spring,  
Investigation still new lights should bring;  
Explore the probable—the doubtful search,  
Through possibilities inquiring march;  
Suspend the judgment and delay to grieve,  
For sure, full oft, appearances deceive.

I HAVE, for many weeks back, been largely in arrears to correspondents; and I have frequently contemplated a Gleaner, which should be wholly occupied by their various addresses, observations, and complaints. But such of my friends, whose letters have been long since received, will have the goodness to forgive my publishing those, which have more recently come to hand, when they observe, that the interesting subjects, which they take up, require immediate attention. And, in the interim, I give them my word of honour, that my first unappropriated essay shall be devoted to their service.—Proceed we now to bring forward three explanatory epistles:

LETTER I.

To the GLEANER.

Liberty Hall, Dec. 15, 1794.

UPON my word, Mr. Gleaner, I believe you are a sly old fellow, after all. Let me tell you, sir, it ill suits with your assumed gravity, to be thus foisting yourself into the se-

crets of all the young, handsome, married women, of your acquaintance. Mighty fine, mighty fine, truly. *Delicacy, forsooth, forbid Monimia to question her husband; but delicacy, it seems, did not think proper to interfere, while she contrived to pour her pity-moving tale into the bosom of nobody knows who—one who is here, and there, and every where, and very possibly not of much importance any where. A perfect Proteus to the imagination, assuming a thousand fantastical forms, and becoming stationary in no one respectable character; a bird of passage, emigrating from state to state, and picking up a scanty pittance, after a whole month's toil, which but ill repays the labour of travelling through the dull pages, which he is so studious to litter.*—

You may think me severe, Mr. Gleaner, but I shall have the satisfaction of knowing, that I am just; and, I add, that you might have gone on with your itinerant glean-ing, to the end of the chapter, for me, if you had not roused the feelings of an injured husband, by thus palpably insinuating, that you are  
a greater

a greater favourite with his wife, than he is himself. Really, Mr. Morality, you make a very pretty, consistent, heterogeneous figure, and I should like vastly to have your motley image stuck up in a print shop, by way of relief to the studies of the chubby-faced school boy, as he trudges along the academical way to his daily labours.

The wise man says, that laughter doeth good, like a medicine; and it is undeniably true, that the ludicrous is a wonderful specific in every intellectual complaint. But let me whisper you, good Mr. Prig, you are a coxcomb, and you may bless your stars that I am not able to collect the trio, which you have huddled together in your last Gleaner; for, if I could name my fellow sufferers, we would unite together in tossing your worship in a blanket; but you are such a doughty hero, and, withal, so evanescent a sprite, that you elude the grasp of common exertions.

How you became acquainted with Monimia's tale of sorrow, is an enigma, of which it will be conceived, that delicacy forbids me to seek an explanation! The probability is, that you have practised upon her simplicity, and insinuating yourself into the good graces of the afflicted fair one, by some illicit methods, you have at length obtained her confidence; and, as I am one of the best natured men in the world, extending the sceptre of my clemency, I shall view, with proper indulgence, the *imbecilities of nature*. Doubtless I could have restored the tranquillity of my wife, without troubling either you or myself with my observations; but, besides that, I conceive your temerity merits chastisement, as you have impertinently precipitated me, and an affair which was wholly mine,

upon the public view, I am induced to believe, that the eclaireissement hath thus acquired a kind of right to publicity.

Monimia will remember, that I not long since paid a visit to my relations at B——. My kinsman, S. has a daughter, *who hath not yet rounded her twelfth year*—Miss S. is very ingenious, and handles her scissors to admiration; *she cut my watch paper, and she will be proud of furnishing Monimia with any little fancy pieces, which she may wish.* On my return home, I made a display of my acquisition. Monimia *bashfully and tremulously made some round about inquiries, relative to the fair artificer—these I would not seem to understand; I dislike every symptom of suspicion in ladies; suspicion looks so like jealousy, and jealousy looks so like want of confidence, I remained silent, and affected a kind of what the ladies call, delicate embarrassment.* Perhaps I was wrong; but, had I been apprised, that the impression made by *so light a thing as a watch paper*, could have been so serious, I should certainly have endeavoured to have erased it.

I have, Mr. Meddler, the honor—the honor—no, that's wrong, I have not the honor—I have the condescension to be, with honest wishes for your reformation, and little or no esteem, your constant reader,

EUGENIO.

## LETTER II.

To the GLEANER.

Gandor Place, Dec. 18, 1794.

Mr. Vigellius,

AS you have given your examples under fictitious names, I am not furnished with a rational cause of anger: and yet, sir, you have so well pointed circumstances, that it is impossible for the real claimant to avoid assuming habiliments, which can fit no one but himself.

Mystery



Mystery is indeed the parent of conjecture, and concealment most surely engenders suspicion. Authors are doubtless justifiable in procuring every warrantable illustration of their sentiments, and of those inferences, which they wish to deduce; and even a *desire* to inform, or to improve, is entitled to grateful respect. If my *Clarissa*, or her favoured *Altamont*, can furnish either amusement or instruction to the *Gleaner*, and his numerous readers, any little anecdote relative to us, is extremely at their service. My *Clarissa* is more dear to my soul, than the life-blood which warms me to existence; she hath not, she never had, nor ever can have, a rival in my affections: She reigns sole mistress in my heart, and to her peerless virtues my every thought does homage. Yet, while I avow a fealty so unreserved, I am bold enow to confess my property in the beautifully glossy lock of hair, a discovery of which has been so surreptitiously obtained; that I have treasured up this lock of hair I also acknowledge; nor will I consent to part with it, until the last breath shall quiver upon my lips. Further, my own hands severed the contested lock from the head of a lovely female, who was dear to me as nature, as amity, or as my fondest hopes of happiness. All this is most true; and it is likewise true, that this female was not *Clarissa*! Are you immeasurably astonished? Step to the other side of the piece, and it will assume another hue—I am not a native of America; I have lived only five years in this paradise of liberty. I had a sister—good God, how unfortunate was that sister! amiable as virtue, and indulgent as heaven; she merited every thing short of adoration, from that world which persecuted her, almost

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from the first hour of her existence. Execrable world! The virtues of a *Clarissa* were necessary to reconcile me to an abode among thy deeply designing, and treacherously murderous inhabitants! I have forborne to narrate to my *Clarissa* the story of my sister's woes; her misfortunes were too strongly marked with anguish, to be imposed upon the exquisitely tender feelings of that susceptible bosom, which melts with soft regrets at the tale of woe; and which has a sigh, even for the common ills of life. Those deplorable circumstances which hovered round the steps of my ill-fated sister, I have sedulously sought to blot even from my own memory. I would remember only her virtues, her angel goodness, her beauteous image, and her saint-like fortitude; but, alas! those recollections are so interwoven with the cruel events of her life, as to render a separation impossible. Orphanaged in her earliest bud, the sport of caprice, malice, and duplicity, through the unsuspecting morn of life; and in her marriage choice, placing her virtuous confidence in a man, who, by a specious exterior, villainously deceived her, who wore the garb of integrity, honour, generosity, and a mild, and conceding disposition of soul, on purpose to betray her easy faith; who no sooner exchanged the nuptial vow, than throwing off the mask, and commencing tyrant, he became unweariedly ingenious in his devices to torment the victim of his power, who persecuted her to the death, nor suspended, for a single moment, his savage and detested operations, until, with a broken heart, she yielded up her breath, falling the martyr of assumed prerogative, cruelty and despotism.—Angelic sufferer! mild and submissive; thou uttered no complaint;

not

not a vindictive expression escaped thee; and had thy murderer possessed but common prudence, the knowledge of thy unprecedented wrongs would have been confined to the grave with thee. Through all thy hard fortune I followed still an impotent spectator of thy injuries; but while appearances were preserved, custom forbid a brother's interference! and an impeachment of thy husband's character, would have been an incurable wound to thy delicacy. What shall I further say? He who made her, regarded her with bland and sacred pity, the pity of a God; her emancipation was accelerated, and she drew her last breath in my arms. I saw her lovely bosom surcease the corroding sigh; I saw her heavenly form quietly disposed upon the bed of death; and, my *Clarissa*, it was in that agonized moment, that I severed from its kindred tresses the shining ringlet, which, straying from its inclosure, fell unconscious upon her snowy forehead. I grieve, my love, that it hath been to you the source of inquietude, but its value, at that distressing period, appeared to me immense, nor has reason, or time, essentially depreciated its importance; I could never persuade myself to part with it to an artist, who would have ostensibly returned it to me, in the form of cherubs, urns, and inscriptions, for I have still preferred contemplating its natural beauties, and I employed my first serene moments, in preparing those lines, in which to enshrine it, that have been erroneously called poetical. For the gratification of the curiosity of your readers, Mr. Gleaner, I take leave to subjoin a copy of them:

AH then is the conflict no more!  
And hath she forgotten to weep!  
Will nought the blest vision restore!  
Hath pity no laurels to reap?

How loud was that shriek of despair,  
The blossoms of hope are all shed,  
No altars to friendship I rear,  
For friendship and honour are fled.  
The ties are all broke which remain'd,  
The storm hath uprooted my peace,  
Dark malice its purpose hath gain'd,  
And love from my bosom shall cease.

How bright was the morn of her days,  
How charming the bud of her years,  
Her form, it transcended all praise,  
And her sorrow was virtue in tears.  
How soothing the words of her tongue,  
While harmony wafted the strain,  
The chantress melodiously sung,  
And gladden'd the listening swain.

Bright honour enlisted the fair,  
Maria her priestess she hail'd,  
Ordained her paths to prepare,  
The virgin her altars unveil'd.

But envy, will serpentine tread,  
And scorn with its merciless sting,  
The wiles of destruction outspread,  
How deadly the arrows they fling.

What glooms have pervaded the plain,  
The shepherds are silent around,  
Neglected each sweet flowing strain,  
So deep is the festering wound.

And must I her counsels resign,  
The guide and the star of my youth,  
Must friendship no longer be mine,  
Integrity, kindness, and truth!

Alas! no lov'd solace sustains,  
How deep is the void in my breast,  
This ringlet is all that remains,  
Of what I so largely possess'd!

Dear vestige of pleasures enjoy'd,  
By cruelty snatch'd from my grasp,  
By rancour insatiate destroy'd,  
Though still the sweet shadows I clasp.

Memento of friendship possess'd,  
On nature which blossom'd and grew,  
Which on my fond bosom impress'd,  
As innocence tender and true.

Athough you unconscious entwine,  
Yet beauty your texture design'd,  
Sweet relic of charms that were mine,  
Of elegance bland and refin'd.

My

My pensive regrets you shall aid,  
Companion of every woe,  
Of sorrow the talisman made,  
While my tears all unceasing shall flow.

The reader will indulge his own reflections ; and I have chosen this method of making my communications to Clarissa, as the emotions which swell my bosom, when I would attempt to retrace the misfortunes of my injured sister, are too big for utterance.

I am, sir, with due respect, and unfeigned wishes, for your private felicity, and public celebrity, your most obedient, humble servant,

ALTAMONT.

### LETTER III.

To the GLEANER.

*Sententious Alley, No. 3, Dec. 21, 1794.*

Courteous Gleaner,

IF Cordelia will take the trouble to order her servant to make the proper inquiries at Mr. Lovegold, the jeweller's, in Middle-street, she will find that her sleeve buttons are laid up there, for the purpose of obtaining the necessary repairs. As Cordelia and you seem to understand one another, I thought best to give her this information through the channel of your paper.

I am, most profound, and sage sir, the inconsiderate, and *timely admonished*,  
HENRY.

*"Malice doth merit, as its shade, pursue."*

I could very modestly propose myself as a new proof of the truth of this oft-cited sentiment, which, if I mistake not, time and observation hath elevated into an approved axiom. I could, I say, leaving those who are offended to chew the cud of resentment, easily console myself, by so *convenient* an *appropriation* ; but I freely confess, that I set a high value upon the opinion of the world ; *I mean the worthy part of the world, to*

*be sure* ; and that stimulated by this my ruling passion, I feel myself impelled to make my defence, by producing a short sketch of my plan of operations.

When I was first seized with the mania of scribbling, I very wisely endeavoured to combat it by much deliberate consideration, and many a salutary antidote. Wisdom, attired in the alluring habiliments of tranquillity, and armed with the rhetoric of reason, sagely advanced her plea, and with great perspicuity, and energy of argument, she advocated that kind of serenity, which is the accompaniment of the unambitious man ; who, gliding down the stream of time, inhaleteth not the feverish gale ; but wafted onward by the bland and equal breath of contentment, partakes its mildly influence, and lives but to bless the gently undulating zephyr, that is thus silently impelling him athwart that ocean, upon which the *adventurous* voyager is fated to contend with hopes, and fears, and with all those tumultuous winds of passion, which frequently involving him in a fearful hurricane, fail not to wreck his peace, whelming beneath their tremendous waves, the brightest moments of his existence ! Wisdom pointed out the wretched state of inquietude, anxiety, nightly watchings, and daily fatigues, to which that unhappy and misguided wight is condemned, who, betrayed by an ignis fatuus, is allured from the humble vail of soft and silent repose ; from the calm possession of each social and domestic enjoyment ; to encounter the various ills attendant upon a pursuit of *artificial good*. Wisdom enumerated a host of weary toils, of woe-begone regrets, of unrecompensed deeds of worth, of thankless achievements, and of barbed disappointments ; and the  
painted



painted in glowing colours the ingratitude of that world to which I would madly devote those hours, which, zested by the sweets of calm reflection, and entwining substantial pleasures, would otherwise revolve, marked by the most refined, rational, and exquisite satisfaction. Wisdom delineated the thorny circles which begird the hill of fame; she bid me haste from the magic of her voice, from the mad contagion of her votaries, and, sheltering in the sweet and flowery walks of my natal humility, she conjured me to embosom my aspiring views, in the deepest recesses of that lowly grade, in which nature had indisputably designated my walk; and, that she might forever dash my proud pretensions, and invigorate that despair, which, with icy grasp, and torpid influence, hovered round my steps, she represented in forms tremendously terrific, those deadly fiends, that with ghastly features, and unrelenting rigour, eternally guard the glittering domes of fame. Envy, with snaky locks, empoisoned veins, and pestilential breath—Malice, with tongue envenomed, armed with ten thousand shafts of instant death, and smiling at destruction—Pale disappointment, marked by sorrow's train, with sad and solemn step, heaving corroding sighs, quaffing her copious tears, and in despondence garbed—and, last of all, deep Shame, with face averted, eyes withdrawn, and red consuming anguish, confessed thy power—Oh, heart appalling, spirit damping, soul abashing, Scorn—afflicting Ridicule—Satire's dread sting—the Critic's whip, which hissed along the air—with every plague which a poor author ever knew; these, wisdom summoned, and, in fearful order the direful phalanx stood. Yet, my aspiring mind, steeled for the

conflict, all in armour clad, and shielded by temerity—assuming resolution, and armed by perseverance, presumed with hardy steps, and enterprising rashness, to penetrate the embodied opposition—and, *Reason plead in vain!* Headlong Ambition, all precepts notwithstanding, continued inflexibly obstinate, and contumacious perverseness triumphed in the conflict. Ambition selected its ornaments, and it wore on its left breast, close to the heart, a bouquet, whose perfumed buds were, with intrepid daring, snatched from the stock of ever blooming hope; in this it prided much, and foully fancied, that some future day, bedecked with sunny beams, would give the deathless flowrets to enwreath its time distinguished, time adorned brow. Thus breathing mid such odoriferous airs; incense so sweet inhaling, no wonder that intoxicated Reason, treading enchanted ground, by magic spells enfolded, and wrapped in gay delusion, its firmness lost—Ambition seized the reins—the die was cast—and helter-skelter round the world we drove. But, seriously, although thus rashly embarked, judgment occasionally officiates, and while temerity sets at the helm, she often, matron like, interposes her cautionary directions, and to be duly influenced by her counsels, is a prime object, even in the arrangements of ambition.

There is hardly any thing which I have so much feared, as the sands of oblivion; and that I might produce a stream of sufficient depth, to fleet my little skiff, my faculties pretty diligently exercised, have been kept in almost constant circulation. Mankind have generally furnished my reservoir; and I have set in the circles which I frequent, industriously improving a hint, marking

marking the sentiment of worth, catching every unwrought gem, and eagerly availing myself of those circumstances, which I conceived that I might *honestly* appropriate. Names I have been careful to conceal ; and studiously embellishing events, and qualifying them to convey amusement, information, or even instruction, I have produced them as candidates for the attention of a vacant moment. Thus occupied, it will cease to be matter of surprise, that I have treasured even the *whispers* of conversation ; my ear is constantly on duty, and it hath proved to me a truly faithful scout. Collected in myself, I am often regarded as a mute in society ; but I am careful to hoard every remark, and bearing the multifarious burden to my working hive, it undergoeth a chymical process ; and after receiving in my pericranium the destined form, it is with all due humility submitted to public observation.

Thus Eugenio, if he will give his candour full play, may perceive, that without being the favorite confidantee, "*of all the young handsome married women of my acquaintance,*" I may, *the loquacity of the sex considered,* legally become possessed of *secrets*, which are *whispered to select friends*, which are gathered from mysterious words, and which sometimes result from those expressive looks, in which the female world are such proficient, and which they so well know when to assume. Upon the whole, while I have generally aimed at utility, I have studiously endeavoured to avoid all occasion of offence ; but if my honest intentions have not been crowned with success, as it is impossible to recal the past, I can only assure Eugenio, and every reader of his description, that I will be indefatigably industrious to render my future numbers less exceptionable.

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### The CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

**F**LORIO and Emelina had lived even from their infancy in the habits of friendship ; but at an age in which the sexes find a vacuity in their hearts, they fanned the embers of friendship to that height, which neither of them chose to own under the title of love.

The stronger the attachment of Emelina became, the more cautious she was of discovering the predilection she had ; she wished for an *éclaircissement*, but was resolved to shun it.

Florio, either from pride, from too great delicacy, or from the same principle by which Emelina was actuated, would often suppress his attentions, lest they should display the feelings of his heart. Though

he was sensible that the question could not come with any propriety from Emelina, he was almost determined it should not come from him.

In these fluctuations of suspense, they visited each other for some time ; and the restraints with which they shackled each other, at length made them suspect, that the lamp of friendship began to grow dim, and that the flame was going to expire.

In these moments of suspicion, they were each of them invited to a ball in the neighbourhood ; but before they sat out, both of them resolved to assume a mutual coolness, to prevent any discovery of their attachment, or to afford the least suspicion that they were in a train  
which

which might possibly terminate at the temple of Hymen.

Emelina was asked by the master of the ceremony, whether she would dance with Florio: she refused with the frown of indignation, and consented to dance with another. A friend of Florio's had previously hinted to him, that he expected he would lead out Emelina; but was answered with so quick a reply in the negative, as convinced him that he was not well pleased with the question.

The dance began, but the agonies of jealousy embittered all its pleasure. While Emelina thought Florio too assiduous in his attentions to his partner, he, on his side, thought she was more than merely complaisant. After an elegant refreshment, in which they behaved with an extraordinary coolness, which was noticed by every one that was present, the company broke up. On which Florio was in suspense whether he should offer his hand to Emelina or not: yet good-breeding getting the ascendancy of resentment, he made her the proffer of his protection, which she accepted of with the greatest reluctance; a reluctance that was visible both in her countenance and in the manner in which she gave him her hand.

During the whole time they were on their way, no syllable broke the stillness of silence, and they parted with a very cold adieu on both sides.

On going to bed, Florio gave himself up to all the tortures of jealousy, and imputed Emelina's slight of him to a predilection she had for her partner. Sleep did not close his eye-lids the whole night; and when the morning beam darted through his curtains, he rose in the same tortures with which he went to bed.

The emotions of Emelina were similar, and her suspicions were equally strong of his attachment.

Florio now longed for an eclairsissement, and for that purpose went to Emelina's house. In his way he sometimes thought of chiding her for her behaviour, at other times he was fearful that such a conduct might give her some intimations, and that he might, by doing so, convince her that his attachments were more ardent than he chose to own, or could wish to discover. At last he was determined to be guided by the reception he might receive from her.

On the opening of the door he was acquainted by the servant, that her mistress did not stand in need of his services any longer.

The message filled him with horror; and in the height of his surprise he formed a resolution to shorten his existence. He walked about the fields, for some time, like one who was frantic. A servant of Emelina, who was passing that way, noticed his behaviour, and on his return informed his mistress of what he had seen. Emelina now lost the restraints of caution, and listened only to the voice of love; she rushed out of the house in dishabille, with an intent to prevent an event which she prefigured.

Florio in the height of his passion entered into a grove, flung himself on the ground, agitated with all the emotions of despair. His feelings were too great for nature to support long; and his want of rest operating with his passions, he at last fell into a kind of slumber.

In this condition Emelina found him, and suspecting that he had shortened his life, gave way to her love, accusing herself of cruelty, and professing that happiness should never reassume its throne in her breast.



breast. Florio was waked with her lamentations; he rose with transport on hearing her flattering expressions, owned a mutual flame, and pressed her to name the day when he might have the happiness of leading her to the altar. Eme-

lina at first resumed her former coyness, but finding love a more powerful principle than reserve, she consented; and they now live in all that warmth of attachment, which must always render life desirable, and matrimony happy.

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### An Account of MORNE GAROU, a Mountain in the Island of St. Vincent, with a Description of the Volcano on its Summit.

[In a letter from Mr. James Anderson, Surgeon, to Mr. Forsyth. From the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. LXXV. Part I.]

**T**HE many ridges of mountains which intersect this island in all directions, and rise in gradations, one above the other, to a very great height, with the rivers tumbling from their sides over very high precipices, render it exceeding difficult to explore its interior parts.

The most remarkable of these mountains is one that terminates the N. W. end of the island, and the highest in it, and has always been mentioned to have had volcanic eruptions from it. The traditions of the oldest inhabitants in the island, and the ravins at its bottom, seem to me to vindicate the assertion.—As I was determined, during my stay in the island, to see as much of it as I could; and as I knew, from the altitude of this mountain, there was a probability of meeting with plants on it I could find in no other part of the island; I should have attempted going up if I had heard nothing of a volcano being on it. But viewing the mountain at a distance, the structure of it was different from any in the island, or any I had seen in the West-Indies. I could perceive it divided into many different ridges, separated by very deep chasms, and its summit appeared quite destitute of any vege-

table production. On examining several ravins, that run from the bottom a great way up the mountain, I perceived they were quite destitute of water, and found pieces of pumice-stone, charcoal, several earths and minerals, that plainly indicated there must be some very singular place or other on some part of the mountain. I also recollected a story told by some very old men in the island, that they had heard the captain of a ship say, that between this island and St. Lucia, he saw, towards night, flames and smoke issuing from the top of this mountain, and next morning his decks were covered with ashes and small stones. This, you may readily imagine, was excitement enough to examine it, if I possibly could; but I was much discouraged upon being told, it was impossible to gain the summit of it: nor could I get either white men, caribbee, or negro, that would undertake to conduct me up for any reward I could offer; nor could I get any information relative to it. But as difficulty to attain enhances the value of the object, so the more I was told of the impossibility of going up, the more was I determined to attempt it.

After I had examined the basis  
of

of it, as far as I could for the sea and other mountains, to find the most probable place to commence my journey, I observed an opening of several large and dry ravins, that seemingly ran a great way up: but I was not sure if they were not intersected by some rocks or precipices I could not get over. I came to Mr. Maloune's, about a mile distant from the mountain, but the highest house to it I could stay at all night. Here I met with a friendly reception and great hospitality. After communicating my intentions to him, he told me he would give me every assistance he could, by sending some trusty negroes with me, and wished he was able to go with me himself. This was a kind offer to me in my then situation, as negroes were what I only wanted, having only one boy belonging to Dr. Young with me. I knew, if I had great difficulties in the woods, he and I both should be inadequate to the task, as in a short time we should be so wearied as to be unable to proceed: from what I had seen of the mountain, I knew I must be under the necessity of carrying water with me; and from the great distance to the top, and obstructions we might naturally expect, I should at least require two days to accomplish it.

By examining the side of the mountain towards me with a glass, I imagined I saw two ridges I might get up. I perceived they were covered, great part of the way, with thick wood; yet I hoped, with a little cutting, I should be able to scramble through them. I appointed next morning to begin my route by one of these ridges.

February 26, 1784, I left Mr. Maloune's about sunrise, with two stout negroes, and Dr. Young's boy; each of us having a good cut-

lafs, as well to clear our way through the woods, as to defend us in case we should be attacked by caribbees, or runaway negroes.—

We arrived at the bottom of the mountain a little before seven in the morning. To get to either of the ridges, we found we had a rock to climb above forty feet high: it was with great difficulty we scrambled up, assisting one another in the best manner we could; here we found it necessary to contract our baggage. After getting up this rock, I found myself in the bottom of a narrow and deep ravin. Having ascended this ravin a little way, I saw some cleared ground on its sides, with tobacco growing. This I conjectured was the habitation of some caribbees; but I was much surprised when one of the negroes I had with me told me, it was the habitation of a Mr. Casco, a Frenchman. What could induce a stout healthy man in the prime of life, and a good mechanic, with several negroes, to take up his residence among rocks and precipices, excluded from the whole world, is a mystery to me. Besides, by every torrent of rain that happens, he may expect himself and all his habitation to be washed over the rocks into the ocean. Notwithstanding his singular situation, I found him an intelligent man, and I experienced every hospitality his poor cottage could afford.

The difficulty of going through woods in the West Indies, where there are no roads or paths, is far beyond any thing an European can conceive. Besides tall trees and thick underwood, there are hundreds of different climbing plants twisted together like ropes, and running in all directions to a great extent, and even to the tops of the highest trees; by pushing on they cannot

cannot be broke, and many of them with difficulty cut; besides a species of grass, the *Schoenus Lithospermus*, with serrated leaves, that cuts and tears the hands and face terribly. With such obstructions as these, it was above two hours before we got on the ridge, where I was in hopes our passage would have been easier; but I soon found my mistake, for I was surrounded with a thick forest, much more difficult to get through than before, on account of the large piles of trees broken down by the hurricanes, to pass which in many parts we were obliged to creep on our hands and feet to get below them, and in other places to climb a great height above the surface of the ground, to get over large trunks lying on one another, and these being frequently rotten, occasioned us to tumble headlong down to a great depth, among rotten wood and grass, so that it was with great difficulty I and the negroes could extricate ourselves. By constantly cutting to clear our way, I, as well as my companions, grew much fatigued, and they wished much to return back. About four in the afternoon I could not prevail upon them to proceed farther; if they did, they could not return before dark, and they would not sleep all night in the woods, but said if I stayed they would return to me next morning. I saw it was impossible to gain the summit of the mountain with the boy only by that route: I likewise saw the woods growing more difficult, my water also totally expended: From these considerations I intended to go down to the Frenchman's, and remain there all night, and try another route with my boy next morning, hoping I might be fortunate enough to find an easier passage. I

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arrived at Mr. Gascoe's a little after sun-set, being much fatigued and thirsty, and never experienced more hospitality and kindness than from this man in his miserable cot; for we ought not to judge of the value of the things received, but of the disposition of the heart with which they are given. He parted with his hammock to me, and slept on a board himself. This I at first refused; but he insisted on it, telling me, from my hardships of the day I was much more tired than he. I took the hammock, but I found it was impossible to close my eyes during the night with cold. His hut was built of *roseaux* or large reeds, between each of which a dog might creep through, and the top was covered with dry grass. It is situated in the bottom of a deep gully, where the sun does not shine till nine in the morning, nor after four in the afternoon. It is surrounded by thick wood, and during the night the whole of the mountain is covered with thick clouds, from which it frequently rains; this makes the night air exceedingly cold. I got ready to renew my journey next morning, having only Dr. Young's boy with me, who continued very faithful to me during this excursion, being very active and hardy: I do not know if I could have gone through this fatigue had it not been for his assistance. I now determined to commence this day's route up the ravin, as it seemed to widen and apparently run a considerable way up in the direction I wished for; and if I could get out of it upon the other ridge, it would at least be two miles nearer than the way I had attempted yesterday, and probably, after getting out of it, I might find wood easier of access. In this ravin I got up about a mile



mile and a half, without meeting with any considerable obstruction. Encouraged by getting so far, although the ravin was narrowing fast, with numbers of rocks and precipices to climb over with vines and bushes difficult to get through, I was resolved to persist in this route and determined by every possible means to get to the object of my wishes, well knowing if I could not perform it this way, I might abandon it entirely. After climbing over a number of difficult passes, the ravin terminated at the bottom of a very high precipice; how far it was to the summit I did not know, being covered toward the top with thick wood: but from the bottom upwards it was loose sand as far as I could see, with ferns and tufts of grass which, as soon as I took hold of them, came out at the roots. The precipice being so very steep, with no trees or bushes on it to assist me in getting up, I plainly saw the attempting to climb it was at the risk of my life: However, I was resolved to try it; and telling the boy to keep some distance behind me, in case I should tumble and drive him down along with me, I began to ascend, holding the tufts of grass as lightly as possible, and digging holes with my cutlafs to put my feet in; but I often lost my hold, and frequently slipped down a considerable distance; however, as it was nothing but loose sand, I could easily push my cutlafs into it to the handle, and by grasping it could recover myself again. Had I not taken the resolution, before I began to ascend, to divest myself of fear, I could not possibly have gone, for the terror of falling would have been the means of it every instant. I got up to some wild plantains, which I saw continued all the way to the place where the bushes and

trees began to grow. I here rested myself, and waited for the boy's getting to me, which he did much easier than I, although he had the provisions and water, owing to the track I had made, and because, being much lighter, he could better trust himself to the grass and ferns. After some labour we arrived at the top of the precipice. I found myself on a very narrow ridge, thickly covered with wood, and bounded by two ravins, the bottoms of which I could not see; the descent to them seemed to be nearly perpendicular, yet all the way covered with thick wood. After refreshing ourselves, we began our fatigue, the boy and I cutting, and carrying our water and provisions alternately. When we had got some way, I found I was on an exceeding narrow ridge, in many parts not six feet broad; on each side a tremendous gulf, into one or other of which I was often in danger of falling, so that with great caution I was obliged to lie down on my belly, to see through the bushes how the ridge tended. Here I began to smell sulphur, or rather a smell like gunpowder. As I knew this smell must come from the top of the mountain, being in the direction of the wind, I was in hopes we could not be far from it, as the smell grew stronger and stronger as I ascended. I saw a rising before me, and thought if I was once on it, if the top of the mountain was near I could have a view of it, but having got on this rising I could only see a high peak on the N. W. end of the mountain, and by appearance I thought myself very little nearer than when I was at the bottom. The woods now became very difficult to get through; great quantities of fallen trees lying buried under long grass, and being rotten,

rotten, when I thought myself walking on the ground, I was frequently buried a great depth among them. Being now about noon, and my turn to carry the baggage, and consequently my turn of rest, I was surprised to hear a rustling among the bushes, and something like a human voice behind me. As we were now in a place where I had little reason to suppose there had been a human foot before, and could not imagine there could be habitations of caribbees or run-away negroes, since from the barrenness of the mountain they could not possibly find any provisions to subsist on, I told the boy to stand still, and let us wait their coming up; for if they were caribbees advancing with an intention to hurt us, there was no alternative but to defend ourselves. You may imagine my surprise when I saw one of the negroes who had been with me the day before, with three others, which Mr. Maloune had sent to my assistance, with plenty of provisions. After refreshment, with this assistance, I renewed my labours with fresh spirits, and thought I was sure of reaching the top before night. Having proceeded a little, I had a fair view of the ravin on my left, which was of prodigious depth, and ran from near the top of the mountain to the sea; its bottom seemed to be a rock of a colour nearly resembling lava, and appeared as if there had been vast torrents of sulphureous matter running in it some time. I regretted much I knew not of this ravin before I commenced my excursion, as by passing a head-land in a canoe, and getting into the ravin, I might have gained the summit of the mountain, without experiencing the delays and difficulties I here encountered. It was now about 4 P. M. and I had

no prospect of the mountain's top; but from the ascent of the ravin below, I knew it was a great way off, I thought if I could get into the ravin before night, I could get easily up next morning. After cutting a great way through wild plantains, the sun near setting, I found myself almost over the verge of a precipice; by catching hold of some shrubs, I prevented myself from falling. We were now about half way down; but all the way below us, as far as we could see, was a perpendicular precipice of rock, several hundred feet high, to pass which was impossible. I had a view of some part of the top of the mountain, which I saw was yet far from me; nor could I attempt any other way than the ridge I had left. Being now sun-set, and the negroes very discontented, because they could not return that night, I found we must take up our night's residence in the place where we were. It was a very unfavourable one, there being nothing but plantains growing, which retaining the rain long in their leaves, and being frequently agitated by the wind, were constantly dropping, and kept the ground always moist. Being almost dark, we had time to make us no other habitation, than placing two or three sticks against an old stump of a tree, and slightly covering them with plantain leaves. After getting together some little wood to make a fire to keep us comfortable, it began to blow and rain violently, which continued all night. We soon found our building afforded us no shelter, and the wood would not burn, so that we could not get any fire; and the ground on which we were situated would not allow the least exercise to keep us warm. From such a miserable night I experienced no mitigation.

mitigation for the fatigues of the day. I wished for the rising sun, to renew my labours; which I at last beheld with inexpressible joy.

As soon as we could see, we returned to the ridge we left the night before, and began to work with alacrity, as we were almost chilled with cold. I pushed on as fast as possible, and about ten o'clock found the woods began to grow thin. I could not see the top of the mountain, but had a view of several ridges that joined it. From the wind falling, and the heat growing intense, I thought we must then be under the cover of the summit: I here found many new plants. About eleven A. M. I was overjoyed to have a full view of the summit of the mountain, nearly a mile distant from us, and that we were nearly out of the woody region. The top seemed to be composed of six or seven different ridges, very much broken in the sides, as if they had suffered great convulsions of nature; they were divided by amazing deep ravins, without any water in them. I observed where the ridges met the edge of a large excavation, as it seemed to be, on the highest part. I imagined this might be the mouth of the crater, and directed my course to a high peak which overlooked it. I found here a most beautiful tree which composed the last wood. After that I entered into a thick long grass, intermixed with fern, which branched and ran in every direction. To break it was impossible, and with great difficulty I could cut it; so that in clearing our way through the grass, eight or ten feet high, there was equal difficulty as in the woods, and it seemed to continue very near to the top of the mountain. Being now about noon, I and the negroes were so fatigued

as hardly to be able to stand; our thirst very great, to allay which, as much as possible, we chewed the leaves of the *Begonia obliqua*. Two of the negroes returned, and the others said they would go no farther with me, as they must perish for want of water, and it would be impossible to get to the bottom before night, and they must all die in the woods. The propriety of their reasoning was evident to me; yet I thought it hard, after the fatigues of three days and two nights, to be within half a mile of the top, and not to be able to get up, and to know little more about it than I did at the bottom. As the negroes had not the same motive for going up as I, all my reasoning was to them ineffectual: I found I was obliged to return myself, as I could not persist alone. At half past twelve we began to descend the same way we came. As there was now a clear pass all the way to the bottom, we got down to Mr. Casco's by sun-set. After sitting some time here, I was hardly able to rise again I was so tired, and my feet were so sore I could hardly stand on them; for, my shoes being torn to pieces, I came down the whole way barefooted. I continued my journey, however, to Mr. Maloune's, where I arrived between six and seven at night.

March 4th, being the day I had fixed to finish my excursion, about four in the morning, I left the house of Mr. Fraser, who out of curiosity agreed to accompany me, of which I was very glad, as he was a sensible young man; and with the assistance of two negroes we pursued our journey. We found very little obstruction in our way up, until we got to the place where I returned; and there, for about a quarter of a mile, we had considerable



able difficulty to clear our way through grafs and ferns. After we came within a quarter of a mile, from the top, we found ourselves, in another climate all at once, the air very cold, and the vegetable productions changed; here was nothing but barrenness over the whole summit of the mountain. On the confines of the grassy region and the barren I found some beautiful plants. Moss grows here in such plenty, that I frequently sunk up to my knees in it. This is the only place in the West-Indies that produced any moss that I have seen. About noon we had gained the top of the peak I had directed my course to before; when, in an instant, we were surprised with one of the grandest and most awful scenes I had ever beheld. I was struck with it amazingly, as I could not have conceived such a very large and so singularly formed an excavation. It is situated on the center of the mountain, and where the various ridges unite. Its diameter is something more than a mile, and its circumference to appearance a perfect circle. Its depth from the surrounding margin is above a quarter of a mile, and it narrows a little, but very regularly to the bottom. Its sides are very smooth, and for the most part covered with short moss, except towards the south, where there are a number of small holes and rents. This is the only place where it is possible to go down to the bottom: It is exceedingly dangerous, owing to the number of small chasms. On the west side is a section of red rock like granite, cut very smooth, and of the same declivity with the other parts. All the rest of the surrounding sides seems to be composed of sand, that looks to have undergone the action of intense fire. It has a

crust quite smooth, of about an inch thick, and hard almost as rock; after breaking through which, you find nothing but loose sand. In the center of the bottom is a burning mountain of about a mile in circumference, of a conic form, but quite level. On the summit, out of the center of the top, arises another mount, eight or ten feet high, a perfect cone; from its apex issues a column of smoke. It is composed of large masses of red *granite-like* rock of various sizes and shapes, which appear to have been spilt into their present magnitudes by some terrible convulsion of nature, and are piled up very regular. From most parts of the mountain issue great quantities of smoke, especially on the north side, which appears to be burning from top to bottom, and the heat is so intense, that it is impossible to go upon it. Going round the base is very dangerous, as large masses of rock are constantly splitting with the heat, and tumbling to the bottom. At the bottom, on the north side, is a very large rock split in two; each of these halves, which are separated to a considerable distance from each other, is rent in all directions, and from the crevices issue efflorescences of a glossy appearance, which taste like vitriol, and also beautiful crystallizations of sulphur. On all parts of the mountain are great quantities of sulphur in all states; also alum, vitriol, and other minerals. From the external appearance of this mountain, I imagine it has only began to burn lately, as on several parts of it I saw small shrubs and grafs, which looked as if they had been lately scorched and burnt. There are several holes on the south, from which issues smoke, seemingly broken out lately, as the bushes round are but lately burnt.

burnt. On two opposite sides of the burning mountain, east and west, reaching from its base to that of the side of the crater, are two lakes of water, about a stone's throw in breadth; they appear to be deep in the middle; their bottom to be covered with a clay-like substance. The water seems pleasant to the taste, and is of a chalybeate nature, I suppose these lakes receive great increase, if they are not entirely supported, by the rain that tumbles down the side of the crater. I observed on the north side of the bottom traces of beds of rivers, that to appearance run great quantities of water at times to both these lakes. By the stones at their edges, I could perceive that either absorption or evaporation, or perhaps both, go on fast. The greater part of the bottom of the crater, except the mountain and two lakes, is very level. On the south part are several shrubs and small trees.

There are many stones in it that seem to be impregnated with minerals: I saw several pieces of pumice-stone. I also found many stones about the size of a man's fist, rough, on one side blue, which appearance, I imagine, they have got from heat, and being in contact with some mineral. These stones are scattered over the whole mountain, one or two of which I have sent you, with some others.

After I had got up from the bottom of the crater, I could not help viewing it with admiration, from its wonderful structure and regularity. Here I found an excavation cut through the mountain and rocks to an amazing depth, and with as much regularity and proportion of its constituent parts, as if it had been planned by the hand of the most skillful mathematician. I wished

much to remain on the mountain all night, to examine its several ridges with more attention next day; but I could not prevail on my companion to stay, and therefore thought it advisable to accompany him. I observed the motion of the clouds on this mountain to be very singular. Although there are several parts on it higher than the mouth of the crater, yet I saw their attraction was always to it. After entering on its east or windward side, and whirling round the northwest side, they sunk a considerable way into it; then, mounting the opposite side, they ran along a ridge, which tended nearly north-east, and afterwards sunk into a deep ravin, which divided this ridge from another on the north-west corner of the mountain, and the highest on it, lying in a direction nearly south and north. They keep the course of this ridge to the south end, and then whirl off west in their natural course.

I took my departure from the mountain with great reluctance. Although I encountered many difficulties to get up, yet it amply rewarded me for all my toil; but I had not time to examine it with that attention I wished. When I got on the peak from which I had my first view of it, and from which I could see its different parts, I could not help reviewing it several times. After imprinting its structure on my mind, I took my final adieu of it, and returned down, and got to Mr. Frazer's house about seven at night, much fatigued.

I am sorry I had no instruments to take the state of the air, nor the exact dimensions of the different parts of the mountain; but, I believe, on measurement, they will be more than I have mentioned.

From the situation of these islands to one another, and to the continent

tent of South-America, I imagine there are sub-marine communications between the burning mountains or volcanoes in each of them, and from them to the volcanoes on the high mountains of America.—The islands which are situated next the continent, seem to tend in the direction of those mountains; and I have observed, that the crater in this island lies nearly in a line with Soufriere, in St. Lucia and Morne Pelée in Martinique, and I dare say from Morne Pelée to a place of the same kind in Dominique, and from it to the others; as it is certain there is something of this kind in each of these islands, Barbadoes and Tobago excepted, which are quite out of the range of the rest.

There is no doubt but eruptions or different changes in some of them, although at a great distance, may be communicated to affect the others in various manners. It is observed by the inhabitants round these burning mountains, that shocks of earthquakes are frequent near them, and more sensibly felt than in other parts of the island, and the shocks always go in the direction of them.

I cannot omit mentioning the great assistance I received in the above excursion from Dr. Young, Mr. Maloune, and Mr. Frazer; for, without the aid of their negroes, I could not have possibly gone through with it.

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### The SPECULATOR. No. V.

Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Perni,

Nec tam averfus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe.—VIRG. ÆN.

THE history of the human mind, as exemplified in its progressive passage, from the depression of barbarism to the elevation of refinement, is to the philosopher an object of research equally fascinating and profitable. To follow the first faint drawings of intellect, which, in the infancy of nations, burst by intervals through surrounding darkness, to that blaze and energy with which the powers of mind expand in the maturity of more polished times, is a contemplation that soothes the pride of man, and fills the soul with elevated ideas of the dignity of its own nature. Nor are such investigations to be held as merely abstract or inapplicable to utility. To him who carefully examines and compares the various pictures of national advancement, the chain connecting causes and effects is laid o-

pen, while he learns the influence of these powers, by which the progress of refinement had been hitherto hastened or retarded; he gains a knowledge which may not be unprofitably applied to the future.

In the study of a history so important as that of the mind, inquiries into the state of polite literature, as modified by various causes in different countries, have ever made a principal part. The more delicate and loftier efforts of imagination, the keen taste of beauty and elegance, tardily unfold themselves in the soul. They mark the maturity of nations like that of individuals, and the progress of the finer arts, is the standard by which the real intellectual rank of a people is usually best estimated.

The inquisitive and philosophic spirit of the English, has peculiarly prompted them to such researches.

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The plenteous field of foreign improvement has always excited the industry of innumerable labourers, and our eagerness to investigate the causes and conditions of refinement among the neighbouring nations has usually kept pace with our own advancement. At a period when this taste appears rather to be increasing than upon the wane and when the mutual intercourse of nations becomes, from a thousand causes, every day more facilitated, it appears singular, that one country alone, in which the sciences have been long and successfully cultivated, should experience a neglect as mortifying as it is undeserved. The polite literature of the Germans, has escaped the general spirit of inquiry, and by some fatality seems hitherto to have repressed learned curiosity, and damped the ardor of investigation. While the productions of the French, however uncongenial to the spirit of our island exert, as foreign, a peculiar claim on our complacency; this province, rich and inexhaustible as it promises to be, has little excited the ambition of conquest, or roused the cupidity of literary industry. A language inimical to the Germans, has been propagated among us by tradition, till it has nearly gained the authority of prescription. Dullness is, by a kind of charm, associated with their names, and the heresay sarcasm detailed from hand to hand, has filled our minds with prejudices against a people, whose merits we have hitherto been little able to appreciate. The professed language of panegyric, and the blind ignorance of prepossession, are equally unfriendly to the cause of truth. Later years have witnessed in Germany the cultivation of many of the finer arts; with what success, it is for candour and coolness only to

determine. To attract some share of attention to a subject where curiosity is so laudable, and, by giving an idea, faint as it may be, of the exertions of the Germans, in works of taste and imagination, to enable others to judge a little better of the rank which literary justice should assign them, will be attempted in a few sketches, interwoven with the plan of the present work. Of these the execution may claim much indulgence, but their intention can hardly be unfavourably considered.

The introduction of German literature into England has taken place under circumstances the most unfavourable to its adoption. Our first acquaintance with the German Muse was formed on the commencement only of her progress to that maturity she has since attained. With this, other causes concurring, curiosity was little roused, indifference soon succeeded, and the impressions then received were transmitted to succeeding times. These continue to exert an influence in the present period, when the rapid progress of German improvement has rendered their application absolutely unjust. The French, from a variety of causes, ever inimical to their less volatile neighbours, have formerly exerted, at their expense, the powers of ridicule, which, however applicable, when directed to the dark age of German genius, loses all point, when the modern era is the object. The charge of tameness and want of fire has been made, till the stigma becomes difficultly inseparable from the efforts of German imagination. The wide diffusion of the French tongue, and the little sphere to which the other language is confined, has on one side given every advantage to propagate an accusation, and on the other rendered a public appeal almost

most impracticable. At a late period, however, the prepossessions even of the French are beginning to relax. The merits of those, they once opposed with acrimony and contempt, are daily making more impression; and the hostile obloquy they so long preserved, is atoned for by the eagerness with which the German literature is received and transfused into their language.— Little as our nation is acquainted with the modern writers of Germany, some specimens are familiar to us, which yield sufficient proof, that whatever deficiency of strength might mark the earlier compositions of that country, the spirit which pervades the later literary performances is of a character directly opposite.

The Sorrows of Werter, the beauties of which, glowing with all the fire of genius, and the enthusiasm of exquisite passion, have furnished so many themes to the poet and the painter, has, as a composition, long excited our admiration, though apparently without awakening much curiosity for the other numerous productions of Goethe's bold and vivid pencil. In the sister art of poetry, the Germans have long vindicated to themselves a rank among the highest; the whole of Europe has recognised the merits of a style of music, as original and touching as it is incompatible with mere laborious tameness. A music, to whose excellence the heart of feeling will ever bear the truest testimony, while it vibrates to the fiery wildness of an Haydn, or melts to the soft and passionate strains of the tender Pleyel.

To the common prepossession of want of spirit and interest, in the productions of the Germans, another cause has contributed. A peculiar fate attended some of the

first poems which appeared among us in an English dress. Stripped of the poetic beauties of the original, the translations reduced the sublimity and varied measure of Klopstock's versification, and the harmonious softness of Gesner, to one standard of monotonous prose, which, from the peculiarity of structure, has long attracted the sarcasms of criticism. Little would it be suspected by the mere English reader, that Klopstock, in his Messiah has taken the Greek hexameter as the model of his verse, and has almost exhausted the riches of a language the most copious, in the varieties of his modulation and cadence. A literary process like this, few poems can sustain without the loss of half their beauties. Homer and Virgil themselves, would probably, if subjected to it, but little attract wonder, or arrest attention. An idea of difficulty almost insuperable, annexed to the acquisition of the language of the Germans, has tended to produce an indifference to their literature. That the language is not among those most easy of acquisitions will readily be allowed, though no small portion of the impediments may perhaps appear to examination founded on prejudice.

The sarcastic criticisms of the French and other nations on the harshness of our own tongue, will incline us not to sit in judgment too severe on the want of harmony in the German. Wieland, in his Musarion and Oberon, by shewing that the German language is not unsusceptible of musical softness and elegance, has performed a service to his native tongue, like that for which our own is indebted to Pope. The immediate connexion of the German language with the English, and the light which its direct relation is so able to throw

on many dark and ambiguous parts of the latter, is a claim to attention which it is singular to find has produced so little effect. The productions of a nation, near to us in point of situation and connexion, in a language from which so great a part of our own is evidently borrowed, have in some of our writers experienced a neglect, which would lead us to suppose the Germans were as remote and little interesting to us as the Chinese; and that their tongue emulated the Egyptian hieroglyphics in obscurity. Fortunately for the extension of English letters, these opinions have not been mutual. The language of England makes in Germany a part of education, and is even regularly taught by the professor of an university. The Germans have received the productions of the English with a degree of cordiality and eagerness which marks congeniality of sentiment, and have translated into their own language, most of our works that are distinguished by celebrity.

The progress of Germany towards the refinement of the politer arts, has been complicated with circumstances not a little singular. At a period when the more important of the European nations, after shaking off the mental slavery of so many ages of ignorance and darkness, were rising high in the scale of intellect, it was difficult among the writers of that country to find a single vestige which marked the development of those faculties of mind, which have elegance and beauty for their object. The taste for the theology and logic of the schools, and the spirit of minute and laborious research, continued long after the revival of letters to keep possession of Germany, and effectually to repress the exertions of imagination, or the invention of ge-

nus. Even that great event in which Germany had so proud a share, which loosened the shackles from human reason, and vindicated the dignity of man, did not produce the effect of bringing forward the finer faculties of the mind, to which it seemed necessarily to lead. The efforts of Luther, Melancthon, Reuchlin, and Hutten, were able to break the bands of tyranny and superstition, but little to advance their cotemporaries in refinement.

A few exceptions to the general inactivity in which Germany appears so long to languish, are, however, to be made. The Minnefin-gern, a species of Troubadours, in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, have vindicated their existence from oblivion, by some works which are said to possess peculiar merit, as those of Reynard der Zeter, and Walter der Vogelweide; and in the later periods which were prior to the shining era of Haller, some names have reached posterity. Opitz, who preceded Haller by near a century, is even at present able to claim attention and admiration.

Various causes, the concurrence of which continued for so long a time to exert an influence unfriendly to the progress of the finer arts in Germany, are obvious to research. Among the first of these, is that severity of fate, which, from the earliest periods, has visited Germany with a series of destructive wars, of which the local situation has rendered it too opportune a theatre. When the darkness which had so long brooded thick and heavy over Europe, was beginning to disperse, and the exiled Muses once more claiming their native seats, dared to vindicate their pristine honours, this country was visited by few and distant gleams of mental light, and could offer little shelter

or



or protection to returning science. The influence of the feudal system continuing to operate from local causes for so great a length of time, the anarchy arising from the discordant principles of the Germanic constitution, and the ravages of war raging in the very heart of the empire, rendered Germany no asylum for elegant literature, when just escaping from the long oppression of the dark ages. Causes of this kind, particularly the last, have continued to act, though with diminished powers, even to a late period. As the scattered sovereignties that compose the imperial body, instead of multiplying the patrons of the arts, divided and weakened the power of protection; this circumstance contributed still farther to render the progress of the finer arts precarious, from the want of constant fostering care, and the sunshine of power.

To this was added, a contempt of literature, not difficult to be traced to its proper origin, which for a long time marked the character of the nobles of Germany. These, impressed with ideas of feudal dignity, looked down on the professors of literature as of a lower rank, and little entitled to respect or encouragement; while the man of science, excluded from courts and condemned to obscurity, felt the elevation of learning degraded, and the motives of activity grow languid. At a time when, from obstacles like these, the progress of *Belles Lettres* had been weak and tardy among the Germans, they became acquainted with French literature, which had arrived at a state of high elegance and polish. The little efforts they had made before this period became for a time still less; and dazzled with the superior splendor of French letters, they seemed almost to desert their own

language. The decided preference of the great Frederic for the French tongue, and the contempt he so openly expressed for his own, contributed at least partially to keep up a taste so uncongenial to the real spirit of the Germans. Unable to contend in point of harmony and delicacy with the language of the French, the German writers felt their ardor damped, and the native literature was severely checked by the introduction of the foreign riches of another tongue.

Thus, for a long and barren period, the Muses of Germany slumbered in useless inactivity, while the spirit of patient investigation, or laborious industry seemed effectually to have extinguished the efforts of imagination, and the enthusiasm of the fine arts. The few and short exertions of native genius, which at intervals blazed for a moment, only marked more forcibly the surrounding darkness. But the opening of the present century, ushered in the dawn of that splendor which was at last to dispel the graceful shade that had so long hovered over Germany. The venerable names of Haller, and his cotemporaries, stand first on that list of fame which vindicates the Germans from the reproach of deficiency in inventive talents.— The call went forth which was to rouse the sleeping genius of the nation from the lethargy of ages.— An emulative spirit seemed to pervade the succession of writers that followed; and the creative wit of Wieland, the deep pathos of Lessing and Schiller, the tender simplicity of Gesner, and the fiery enthusiasm of Goethe, began to disclose themselves. The brilliant era was established in which the Germans saw the foundation of their literary glory secured, and looked forward, in well-founded confidence, to the speedy

speedy approach of that time when they should be enabled to contest the palm of fame with the proudest of those nations, who would once have thought themselves disgraced by the very competition.

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For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

## R E V I E W.

*The Natural and Civil History of Vermont.*—By Samuel Williams, L. L. D.  
8vo. price 12s.

**T**HIS work we confidently pronounce a most valuable acquisition to the republic of letters.

A wish to favour the most trifling literary effort in our country, or a more fordid motive, has in too many instances prostituted public commendation. The sincere friends of genius and of science, while, from the nature of the work, and the reputation of the author, they promised themselves little amusement or instruction, would not withhold their names from the list of subscribers, much less would they withhold from the work so cheap a tribute as that of praise. But, we are confident, the talents and the exertions to which the public is indebted for the History of Vermont, will find a recompense in a more interested motive. The philosopher, the statesman, and the naturalist, will find themselves much amused and more instructed. Perhaps we should not detract from the merits of the publications extant, should we challenge their extensive number for a work of this size, which displays a more general acquaintance with science.

The style is not without its faults. Yet they are such faults, as are always to be found in the writings of those authors, who are more intent upon the matter of their narration, than upon the manner of framing their sentences. Like the country which our author describes, his

style exhibits a native majesty, not deprived of the charms of variety by the refinements of modern cultivation.

The work commences with the natural history of the state. In this the reader will find an account of the situation, soil, mountains, rivers and lakes, climate, and vegetable productions of the country. In this account, many curious and philosophic observations and remarks are made, which evince the author to be well qualified for this part of his undertaking.

The author then presents us with a description of the various quadrupeds, birds, fishes, &c. In this part of the work, the reader will find much amusement, particularly in the history of the beaver.

To this succeeds a very interesting account of the employments, government, education, manners, and customs of the original inhabitants of America. This part of the work is concluded with the following remarks upon the progress of society among the Indians.

“The progress of society among the Indians, would make a curious and the most useful part of their history. The rudest and most simple state that took place among them, was that which I have been describing. Wheresoever the savages continued to derive their support from hunting, they continued from age to age in the same condition,

dition, and made no improvements. Where the means of subsistence were plentiful, and easy to be procured, the Indians had advanced beyond the state of an hunter, and began to increase their numbers, and their agriculture. In such places, society began to assume a different form, from what it bore in their rudest and most simple state. And the tendency of it was every where to *monarchy*.—In the southern parts of Newengland, and Virginia, some of the tribes were advancing fast to the form of hereditary monarchy. In the hotter climates it was already established. This was the case in Florida, among the Natchez on the Mississippi, in Cuba, Hispaniola, and all the large islands. In Bagotta, Mexico, and Peru, monarchy had acquired its perfect form, its full powers, and a complete establishment. In each of these places, the progress of government had been from perfect freedom and independence, to almost absolute and unlimited monarchy. In the course of this progress, two remarkable phenomena appeared: In one part of America, an empire and a monarchy was established, in most respects resembling those which had arisen in the other hemisphere. In another part of America, an empire and a monarchy was produced, far superior to those which were produced in the other parts of the globe.

“In the empire of Mexico, almost every thing had taken the Asiatic, and European course. The great body of the people were reduced to a degraded and humiliating state; and held their lives, and performed their labours, under various names and degrees of degradation and abasement. A body of nobility were possessed of ample territories, of great privileges, powers, and hon-

ours, under different names and degrees. Above and over all, was the monarch, enjoying supreme power and dignity. After being elective during the reign of eleven of their sovereigns, the monarchy was become almost absolute and hereditary, in Montezuma. The system of religion agreed perfectly well to the nature of the government: It was severe, cruel, and barbarous; and delighted in the sprinkling and shedding of blood: Human sacrifices of all others were esteemed the most acceptable and availing; and the priests had the privilege, the honour and the profit, of announcing or removing the vengeance of the gods. This system of monarchy had acquired a stability, a regularity, and a vigour equal to any monarchy that was then upon the earth. Upon comparing the spirit of monarchy, untempered by representation, in America, in Asia, and in Europe; the spirit and the principles of it, will be found every whereto have operated alike. It degrades the body of the people below the condition and nature of man. It exalts the nobles and the sovereign above the condition and state, which nature designs or admits. In one form or another it has always been attended with a persecuting, cruel, and bloody religion, put into the hands of a wealthy and powerful priesthood. It has constantly produced the spirit of war and destruction; and generally derived to itself security, wealth, and power, from the misery, destruction, and slaughter, it has entailed on the human race. By placing the rulers in a situation altogether unnatural, that is, above all sense of accountability to their fellow men, it has produced that constant, steady, and universal abuse of power, which in every part of the globe, has been the distinguishing and



and certain effect of this form of government. Its spirit and principle have every where been the same; not the *honour* which the great Montesquieu wished to ascribe to it, and wanted to find in it, but that total want of regard and accountability to man, which with great accuracy and propriety, has been lately named a *contempt of the people*.

"The empire of Peru was formed and governed by a species of monarchy, different from what has ever taken place among any other people. Twelve successive monarchs, for a period of more than four hundred years, had been invested with hereditary and absolute power. They claimed this authority, not as derived to them in any manner or degree from the people, but as the absolute and exclusive donation of heaven. They announced themselves to be the children of the sun, and clothed with divine and unlimited power to direct all the civil and religious affairs of the people. The sovereign was named *Inca*; and so sacred and pure were the family of the inca's, in the minds of the people, that they were universally esteemed incapable of committing a crime, or falling into an error: No other family might marry or mingle with it, for fear of polluting the heavenly blood. The people looked up to them, as to beings of a superior and heavenly race: And all disobedience to them, was viewed not barely as a crime committed against men, but as an act of rebellion against God. The nobility of course was nothing more than families of office. Though a difference of rank had taken place throughout the empire, all but the children of the sun, were supposed to belong to the common race of men. The people were well clothed and fed;

every where distinguished for their industry, economy, moderation, contentment, and happiness. Over this people, the incas, though absolute in power, established a government the most mild and gentle, that has ever taken place in any part of the earth. The morals of the people were so pure, that few crimes were ever committed: The genius of the government was so mild, that few punishments were ever executed: And when they were, they were viewed as the necessary acts of God, and not of men. Their government, the dominion of prosperity and virtue, was esteemed by the people the dominion of God and his inca.—Their system of religion, like their government, was mild, gentle, and pacific. The sun, the emblem of light, serenity, fertility, beneficence, joy, and life, was the object of their adoration. They offered to him a part of those productions, which they derived from cultivating the earth, enriched by his genial warmth. They presented to him specimens of those works of ingenuity, which they had performed by his light. And they brought to him some of those animals, which were nourished by his influence. But the inca never stained their altars with human blood; or admitted the savage idea, that the source of beneficence could be pleased with the persecution, cruelty, and destruction of men.—Their system of war partook of the same spirit of mildness, and wisdom. They fought not to exterminate, but to conquer: They conquered not to enslave, but to improve, to civilize, and refine. No cruel torture awaited the captive; no barbarous marks of degradation, disgrace, triumph, or slavery, were reserved for the prisoners. They were taught the same system of government and religion,

as

as the rest of the people ; they were admitted to the same privileges, and treated with the same lenity and mildness. Of all the triumphs of the inca, the noblest and the greatest was to diffuse the manifold blessings of peace and happiness, to the people whom they had subdued.

“ Such was the genius, the spirit, and the effect, of the system of monarchy that was established in Peru. We need not hesitate to pronounce it superior to any, that was then to be found upon the face of the earth. The genius and the spirit of it were above all others, mild and gentle ; the object and the aim of it, were in fact, the improvement and the happiness of the people. And if any government ever produced this effect, that government was the monarchy of Peru : Not the attainment of the most polished nations of Asia, and Europe, of their arts, science, and improvements ; but of the greater wisdom and simplicity of the Indians, and incas of America.

“ We have here a phenomenon, new, and almost incredible in the political world. Absolute, unlimited, and hereditary monarchy, which has never failed before or since to prove one of the heaviest curses, which has fallen upon mankind ; in Peru became mild, gentle, and beneficent : And was constantly employed during the reign of twelve successive monarchs, to refine, civilize, and improve the people ; and to do the greatest good to mankind. And yet this was a system not founded in truth, or in nature ; but in delusion and superstition. What could give it a direction so steady, uniform, and benevolent ? Not the form, but the principle of it. It contained the best and the purest principle, that can enter into the nature of human

government. Its origin, duration, and power, depended wholly upon *the public sentiment*. The inca claimed immediate descent, and relation to the sun. The sun was the emblem of peace, and benevolence. Had the monarch stained his character by enormity in crimes and vices, or by a constant abuse of power, nature would have taught the Peruvians that monsters in corruption, vice, and cruelty, could not have been the favourite children of the Deity. If the inca had been viewed in this light, all his divinity, and his power would have ended. His power was founded altogether in the opinion the people had formed of his divine descent, qualifications, character, and virtues. So solicitous had the incas been to preserve this opinion, that through the whole period of their successions, they had taken the most scrupulous care not to endanger or oppose it, by any base and unworthy conduct. And while they thus proved the constant friends and benefactors of the people, the public esteem and veneration increased.— In the benevolence and usefulness of the inca, the people believed they saw the children of the sun : And in the affections and opinions of the people, the inca found an absolute and unlimited power. But if his conduct had plainly discovered, that instead of being the child of the sun, he was the child of folly, of vice, and abominable iniquity, his divinity, his power, and his empire would have ceased with the public opinion.

“ Instead then of being founded in a contempt of the people like the empire of Mexico, the monarchy of Peru had the singular good fortune of being founded in the public sentiment. This rendered the inca accountable to the people for every part

part of his conduct : And this sense of accountability would keep a constant sense of duty and character upon his mind. Thus under the form of absolute hereditary monarchy, the government of Peru had the uncommon advantage of excluding nobility with all its odious distinctions and claims ; and of embracing the best and purest principles, upon which civil government can ever be founded. The Indians seem to have been the only people, among whom, a regard to the public sentiment and benefit, did in fact constitute the spirit and principle of hereditary and absolute monarchy."

The civil history of the state is then introduced with an account of the first settlement of Vermont by the English. The opposition to the formation of Vermont into an independent state, and the consequent difficulties and disturbances, together with the political consequences of the controversies, respecting the admission of Vermont into the Union, are then stated with much apparent impartiality. After an account of the employments, customs, and manners of the people ; their institution and laws, with many useful remarks on the means of acquiring subsistence ; on the cause and effects of the American war, the history concludes with the following beautiful observations on the nature and preservation of freedom.

"No other cause but that which first produced the freedom of America, will prove sufficient to support and preserve it. It is in the state of society that civil freedom has its origin and support. The effect can never be more pure or perfect, than the causes from whence it arises ; and all those causes terminate in the state and condition of

the people. The form of government by which the public business is to be done, a bill of rights to ascertain the just claims of the people, a constitution to direct and restrain the legislature, a code of laws to guide and direct the executive authority, are matters of high importance to any people ; and are justly esteemed among the wisest productions, of ancient or modern times. But no people ought to expect that any thing of this nature will avail to secure, or to perpetuate their liberties. Such things are consequences, not the causes ; the evidences, not the origin of the liberties of the people. They derive their whole authority and force from the public sentiment ; and are of no further avail to secure the liberties of the people, than as they tend to express, to form, and to preserve the public opinion. If this alters and changes, any bill of rights, any constitution or form of government, and law, may easily be set aside, be changed, or be made of none effect. For it will never be dangerous for the government of any people, to make any alterations or changes, which the public opinion will either allow, justify, or support. Nor ought any people to expect, that their legislators or governors will be able to preserve their liberties, for a long period of time. Any body of men who enjoy the powers and profits of public employments, will unavoidably wish to have those profits and powers increased. The difficulties they will meet with in the execution of their office, the unreasonable opposition that will be made by many to their wisest and best measures, and the constant attempts to displace them, by those whose only aim and wish is to succeed them ; such things, joined with a natural love of power and



and profit, will not fail to convince all men in public employments, that it would be best for the public to put more confidence and power in them. While they thus wish and aim to increase and add strength to their own powers and emoluments, those powers and emoluments will be called the powers and the dignity of government. It may be doubted whether men are much to blame, for wishing and aiming at that, which their situation and employment naturally leads to.—

The effect seems to be universal. It has ever been the case that government has had an universal tendency, to increase its own powers, revenues, and influence. No people ought to expect that things will have a different tendency among them: That men will cease to be men, or become a more pure and perfect order of beings, because they have the powers of government committed to them.

“ Upon what then can the people depend, for the support and preservation of their rights and freedom? Upon no beings or precautions under heaven, but themselves. The spirit of liberty is a living principle. It lives in the minds, principles, and sentiments of the people. It lives in their industry, virtue, and public sentiment: Or rather it is produced, preserved, and kept alive, by the state of society. If the body of the people shall lose their property, their knowledge, and their virtue, their greatest and most valuable blessings are lost at the same time.— With the loss of these, public sentiment will be corrupted: With the corruption of the public sentiment, bills of rights, constitutions written upon paper and all the volumes of written law, will lose their force and utility. Their government will im-

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mediately begin to change: And when the people have themselves lost the cause, the principle, and the spirit of freedom, they will no longer be capable of a free government: They are better suited for the restraints of aristocracy, or what is far better, for the regulations of monarchy. The constitutions and the laws of such a people, will no more preserve their freedom, than the tombs and the coffins of Montesquieu and Franklin, will retain their abilities and virtues.

“ Ye people of the United States of America, behold here the precarious foundation upon which ye hold your liberties. They rest not upon things written upon paper, nor upon the virtues, the vices, or the designs of other men, but they depend upon yourselves; upon your maintaining your property, your knowledge, and your virtue. Nature and society have joined to produce, and to establish freedom in America. You are now in the full possession of all your natural and civil rights; under no restraints in acquiring knowledge, property, or the highest honours of your country; in the most rapid state of improvement, and population; with perfect freedom to make further improvements in your own condition. In this state of society, every thing is adapted to promote the prosperity, the importance, and the improvement of the body of the people.—But nothing is so established among men, but that it may change and vary. If you should lose that spirit of industry, of economy, of knowledge, and of virtue, which led you to independence and to empire, then, but not until then will you lose your freedom: Preserve your virtues, and your freedom will be perpetual!”

The

## The WELL-BRED MAN.

THE character of a well-bred man cannot be drawn to perfection by any but dramatic writers; because they only have the power of placing him to advantage, in particular circumstances and relations.

Other writers must be content with general descriptions, it being as great a difficulty to desire *good breeding* in the abstract as moral virtue, which depends upon circumstances, and the relations in which one man stands to another; but like virtue too, it consists in a happy mediocrity between two extremes, of which bluntness is the one, and fawning servility the other.

A well-bred man hath, in his behaviour, an equal mixture of modesty and boldness, of loquacity and taciturnity, of freedom and reserve, and of every other quality, *that* degree which is useful or commendable, but whose extremes are either criminal or ridiculous. Such a man is always condescending without falling into the meanness of ad-

oration. He is not backward in professing, but more solicitous in doing acts of beneficence: He is not scrupulous of owning his regard for merit, and of giving it due praise, for fear of being thought a flatterer, nor of expressing a just dislike of vice, however dignified, to avoid the imputation of rigidity. In short, all his actions flow from a good heart, and are noble, generous, sincere, uniform, and graceful.

If these observations are true, good breeding is a social virtue: It is benevolence brought into actions with all the advantages and beauty of proportion and symmetry. Complaisance is indeed its resemblance, as a shadow is of a substance; but complaisance is only the varnish, good breeding is the real beauty of the soul, made visible and set in the fairest point of light. The only difference therefore, between the virtuous and well-bred man, is, that the latter seems to act his part in life with a superior grace.

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 A N E C D O T E.

THE celebrated Voltaire, in his Treatise on Toleration, says, "Take a view of the Royal Exchange in London, a place more venerable than many courts of justice, where the representatives of all nations meet for the benefit of mankind: There the Jew, the Mahometan, and the Christian, transact business together, as though they were all of the same religion, and give the name of infidels to none but *bankrupts*: There the Presbyterian confides in the Anabaptist, and the Churchman depends on

the affirmation of the Quaker. At the breaking up of this free and pacific assembly, some withdraw to the synagogue, and others to the bottle; this man goes and is baptised in a great tub; that man has his son circumcised, and causes a set of Hebrew words, to the meaning of which he is an utter stranger, to be mumbled over the infant; others retire to their churches, and there wait the inspiration of heaven, with their hats on; and all are satisfied."

CABINET



## CABINET OF APOLLO.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### The SONGS

*of the five Bards, who sang by night: versified  
from the notes of M<sup>r</sup> Pherfon's Ossian, by*

LINUS.

*(Concluded from page 696.)*

FIFTH BARD.

**D**REARY is night and calm are all  
the winds;

Far in a cloud the western moon descends.  
Slow moves that beam along the shaded  
hill;

The wave is heard; the torrent murmurs  
still.

In the lone booth the cock his clarion  
sounds;

The stars have travelled half their nightly  
rounds.

The house-wife, watchful of her little train,  
Kindles with care her settled fire again.

The hunter thinks he sees the early day;  
He calls his bounding dogs; his dogs obey.

Whistling he goes and mounts the woody  
height:

The surly blast removes the clouds of  
night.

Along the north the starry plough he sees;  
And yet no day-star tops the eastern trees.

Much of the night is yet to pass, he  
finds;

In sleep he nods regardless of the winds.

Hark! a distant whirlwind seems to roar!  
A murmuring flood seems thro' the vale to  
pour!

Lo! lo! the host of mighty dead appear,  
Returning from their mansions in the air.

The moon has sunk behind the western  
hill,

The farewell beam is on the tall rock still.  
From the high trees, the length'ned shad-  
ows fall,

A sober melancholy gloom now saddens  
all.

Me, from the cheerless night, my friends,  
receive;

And consolation to the wretched give.

THE CHIEF.

Upon the mountain let the dark clouds  
rest:

Let fear pervade the panting traveller's  
breast.

Let spirits fly; and let the winds arise;  
Let founding storms in thunder sweep the  
skies;

Let windows flap and mountain torrents  
roar;

And green winged meteors in the dark air  
soar.

Let the pale moon her silver radiance  
shed,

So deep in sky-born clouds enclose her  
head.

Stormy or fair, alike to me is night;  
Dreary with clouds, or with the new  
moon bright.

Night flies away before the early beams,  
When o'er the hill the golden morning  
gleams.

From the dark cloud young day returns  
again,

But man forever moulders on the plain.

Where are our chiefs of old, renowned  
in fame?

And where our many kings of mighty  
name?

Silent their battles on the crimson plain,  
And scarce, alas! their massy tombs re-  
main.

These domes must fall and we must also die,  
And undistinguished in the dust must lie.

Our sons shall view the ruin of our halls,  
And ask the old, "where stood our father's  
walls?"

Come, raise the song; the harp of glory  
sound;

And send the festive shells of joy around.  
An hundred tapers from the wall suspend;

Ye youths and maids, the sportive dame  
attend.

Let some gray bard the song of honour  
raise,

And tell to me the deeds of other days;  
Of



Of kings and chiefs whose glorious race is  
o'er,  
Illustrious dead! whom we behold no  
more.

Thus let the night in pleasure pass away;  
Till o'er the mountain peeps the dawn of  
day:

Then rouse the dogs, and let our bows be  
near,  
Ascend the hill with day, and wake the  
drowzy deer.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### AN ELEGY.

DEAR spotless shade! receive these  
lays,

Which flow from friendship most sincere;  
If round this globe thy spirit strays,  
Or haunts the scenes which once were  
dear.

The muse who knew thy tuneful powers,  
Who oft admired thy flowing verse,  
Shall deck thy grave with early flowers,  
And all thy matchless worth rehearse.

When night his ebon throne resumes,  
When Cynthia sheds her feeblest ray  
When plants exhale their soft perfumes,  
Around thy dewy grave I'll stray.

Some friendly hand a tomb shall raise,  
Or science rear the sculptured stone,  
Which justly shall record thy praise,  
And tell how bright thy virtues shone.

The youths, whose generous bosoms swell  
With rapture at thy rising fame,  
Shall all thy manly graces tell,  
And hand to future time thy name.

For thee, on each revolving year,  
Mary will heave the tender sigh;  
For thee, shall drop the briny tear,  
And all her native numbers try.

Eliza, too, with plaintive strains,  
Shall tell thy virtues o'er and o'er;  
Whilst mem'ry one fond trait retains,  
In silence she'll thy loss deplore.

Around yon kind, paternal dome,  
Where oft thy early footsteps strayed,  
Methinks there hangs a solemn gloom,  
Which saddens all the distant glade.

Like virtue's image sent on earth,  
Thou charm'd'st awhile our wondering  
eyes;

Then sought the climes that gave thee  
birth,

And wing'd thy way to happier skies.

If virtue can a crown receive;  
What dazzling glories deck thy head?

No longer then let friendship grieve,  
Since thou from care to bliss art fled.

But why did all-indulgent heaven  
Form such a faultless piece of clay!  
Why was the transient blessing given,  
Thus to be torn so soon away!

L I N U S.

### TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

On turning one down with the plough, in April,  
1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,  
Thou's met me in an evil hour;  
For I maun crush amang the floure  
Thy slender stem,  
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebot sweet,  
The bonie lark, companion meet;  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet  
Wi spreckl'd breast,  
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet  
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth:  
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun  
shield;  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
O'clod or flane,  
Adorns the histie stubble field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lists thy unassuming head  
In humble guise;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!  
By love's simplicity betray'd,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!  
Unskillful he to note the card  
Of prudent love,  
Till billows rage and gales blow hard,  
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,  
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n.  
By human pride or cunning driv'n  
To mis'ry's brink,  
Till

Till wrench'd of every stay but Heav'n,  
He, ruin'd, sink !  
Ev'n thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,  
*That fate is thine—no distant date ;*  
Stern RUIN's plough-share drives, elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,  
Shall be thy doom !

*For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.*

LINES, to a Mourning Dove.

SAY, why lovely mourner, that musical  
fall;  
That accent that speaks a disconsolate  
mind?  
Does some hidden tumult thy bosom appal,  
Which leaves the sad sting of reflection  
behind?  
The cause of thy anguish full well I dis-  
cern,  
The seasons of beauty and pleasure are  
past:  
Yet silence, dear mourner, they soon shall  
return,  
And nature with beauties be fresh over-  
cast.  
Though dark stormy winter howls over  
the plain,  
Though the brooks cease to murmur, the  
valleys to sing,  
Yet earth shall be cloth'd with her fra-  
grance again,  
And creation revive in the splendor of  
spring.  
Even now, dearest warbler, my fancy can  
see,  
The seasons of bliss in futurity roll;  
The far-spreading verdure, the white  
blooming tree,  
And the sunshine of ecstacy bursts on my  
soul.  
Ye fields which but lately were silver'd  
by flowers,  
My mind into rapture was kindled by  
you,  
Now fancy impatiently waits for the  
hours,  
When May's fairy pencil your charms  
shall renew.  
How chang'd in a moment the surface of  
things,  
The groves and the gardens are cover'd  
with snow;  
Soon zephyr shall flutter your leaves with  
his wing,  
And bathe his light limbs in the dews of  
the rose.

Then fairest complainer forbear thy soft  
lays,  
Nor grieve for those blessings which spring  
shall restore;  
But mourn for the current of man's fleet-  
ing days,  
That season which flies and revisits no  
more.

THE HERMIT.

*For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.*

LINES, addressed to LINUS.

"Tu eris Mæcenat mibi."

WHILE others strive to stamp an hero's name  
On the tall pillars of eternal fame ;  
I choose a nobler theme—I fly to greet  
Sequestered merit in his dark retreat.

You first enfnar'd me with poetic  
chime,  
And taught my fimple mufe to lifp in  
rhyme ;  
You taught her firft to rife, and nobly dare  
Her new fledg'd pinions thro' the depth  
of air.  
To thee, as to her parent, now the mufe,  
Returns, and all her pleasures paff review.  
O facred pofey, how oft thy lays  
Have wandered in dark falchhoods dreary  
maze ;  
Forfook plain reason, that illuftrious guide,  
To whisper flatt'ry in the ear of pride ;  
Still may I ever fpuen the golden bait,  
Or live in this retreat, obfcurely great.  
Not thofe that in the round of affluence  
roll,  
Direct, O Linus, thy aspiring foul.  
While humble, unaffuming merit, fhines,  
Wove in the texture of your polifh'd lines,  
How oft have we in tranfport ftruck the  
lyre,  
And felt our bofoms glow with mutual  
fire ;  
To notes of rapture wak'd the filver  
ftring,  
And foar'd fublime on fancy's airy wing.  
But when old Homer, with majestic ftrains,  
Sung the dire terror of the Trojan plains,  
In quick fucceffion on our ravifh'd eyes,  
The illuftrious fhade of laurell'd heroes  
rife.  
What form is this that flits along the  
glades,  
And fhiv'ring wanders in the midnight  
fhades,  
Half wrapt in clouds the ghofly form ap-  
pears,  
His face bedew'd with vifionary tears,

In size a mountain, and in strength an  
host,

'Tis Ajax—obstinately sullen ghost.

But who is this that stalks of milder mein,

Calm is his aspect, and his brow serene?

Hail, mighty Hector, thy renown shall  
last,

And brave the rage of envy's blighting  
blast.

The statesman's policy, and hero's power,  
Shone forth refulgent in that gloomy  
hour;

When rous'd to glory by the martial flame,  
You stood the foremost of the Trojan name.

What sullen spectre moves with graceful  
pride,

His beamy falchion glitters at his side;

His radiant vesture purer than the snows,

And on his cheek the richest crimson  
glows;

His shining helmet shoots a thousand  
ways,

And to the moon in quiv'ring radiance  
plays;

Illustrious shade, renown'd Achilles, hail,

Thy deathless deeds shall over time pre-  
vail.

Thus the full moon, when midnight  
damps arise,

And clouds of darkness hover round the  
skies,

Still shines serene a floating orb of light,  
Breaks from the clouds and gilds the brow  
of night.

But when soft Virgil tunes the Roman  
shell,

And bids his lays in mild meanders swell,  
So strong, so musically sweet, they roll,

A tide of soft emotions o'er the soul;

The waving trees the softly murmuring  
gales,

That hum delightful thro' the scented  
vales,

With pleasure bear the attentive mind a-  
long,

In the rich melody of Virgil's song.

There sportive flocks, like mountain snows  
are seen,

And earth seems smiling in her liveliest  
green.

But Ossian, wild, irregularly wild,

The pride of genius—nature's darling  
child,

All blind and comfortless, would often go  
Where the rude winds thro' dreary for-  
ests blow,

And stop to hear the mountain spirits  
rave,

In mild conjunction with the roaring wave.

Auspicious fancy, hear my last request,

Revisit this fair empire of the west;

On some young poet all thy powers be-  
flow,

Bid from his pen spontaneous numbers  
flow;

Soar to the regions of immortal fame,

On time's swift wing, and *Linus* be his  
name.

### THE HERMIT.

To the Editors of the Massachusetts Maga-  
zine.

GENTLEMEN,

*You expressed a wish that some of your Readers  
would furnish you with lines upon the close of  
the present year—if you are not better supplied,  
the following are much at your service, and  
their publication will oblige a correspondent.*

### L I N E S,

Written DECEMBER Thirty-first, 1794.

"AND dare a female touch those hal-  
low'd strings?

"Where strains undying, *Della Crusca*  
sings?

"Whose solemn, mellow, grave, melodious  
notes,

"Swell in the gale, and on the zephyr  
float!"

Ah, let the critic spare the unequal line,  
Below his art the numbers I entwine!

Shield me sweet candour, thy mild pleas  
prepare,

And, *blest good nature*, thy rich phalanx rear;

Nor let *comparison* with blighting breath,

*Prejudice*, arraign, and follow to the death,

Some little niche the trembling victim give,

Permit her in the breezy vale to live:

For sure, tho' heav'n-born genius cuts the  
skies,

Fathoms the depths, and new found streams  
supplies,

Yet gratitude, implanted in the breast,

May still in humble language be express'd;

The world's benignant prince but waits  
those fruits,

Which suits the soil, and which the culture  
suits,

Nor, if the occupant improves his time,

Imputes the single talent as a crime,

'Tis for the indolent and listless mind,

The righteous censure was by heaven design'd.

"But of this day, pray what remains un-  
said?

"Can Della Cruscan laurels need thy aid?"

Yet let me swell the tribute of a tear,

And humbly conscious in the vase appear,

The lowly flower may round the margin  
creep,

And



And common sorrows, common minds  
may weep ;

The language of the peerless bard, I own,  
From rich parnassian founts hath copious  
flow'n ;

And, with the painter, fam'd in days of old,  
While art and nature all their charms un-  
fold—

Absorb'd in wonder, with rapt tongue I  
cry,

I too have written, and have swell'd the  
sigh ;

Have mourn'd the lapse of time, departed  
joys,

Those death-wing'd hours, whose torpid  
flight destroys ;

December oft hath mark'd my drowned  
eyes,

And its return mementos sad supplies !  
Its gathering glooms, attir'd in sable vest !

With all their horrors on my mind im-  
prest,

Hears, or creates the storm, howe'er serene,  
May's dewy zephyrs seem to intervene.

And, e'en since last its mantle swept the  
plain,

Drear harbinger of winter's snow clad  
reign,

Though oft before of many a good bereft,  
And few to solace my torn heart were left !

Yet once again the missive weapon sped,  
To swell the annals of the hallow'd dead,

With aim too sure the fatal mischief flew,  
And from my grasp its beauteous victim  
drew !

Cherubic innocent, her lovely form,  
Thus early fainted, 'scap'd from every  
storm,

Retention melancholy shall retrace,  
Fond to delineate her angel face,

Too soon, alas, the infant voyager crown'd,  
Her aërial mansion, and her heav'n hath  
found !

And tho' thro' paradise she wings her way,  
Yet circling friends still tread the thorny  
way ;

Regretting tears we o'er sweet Anna shed,  
And breathe the new sorrows round her clay  
turf'd bed.

How sad the retrospect, how many  
throng !

What venerable shadows pass along.  
Dear shades below'd, next to my God re-  
ver'd,

Full many a pang of heart for me ye  
shar'd ;

Peace to your spirits, hovering seraphs  
wait,

Years must roll on, the hour ordain'd by  
fate ;

My work perform'd, the task assign'd com-  
plete,

Beyond this woe-fraught scene my friends  
I meet.

I hail this parting day, this closing year,  
Full charg'd to me the length'ning hours  
appear,

This révolution tardy to my sight,  
Delay'd too long its heavy, ling'ring flight,

Pregnant, and crowded with events it rose,  
And still replete with ills the vision shows !

My native rocks, my native hills resign'd,  
To my lorn breast new hopes and fears I  
bind ;

Boldly adventuring o'er the untry'd way,  
Necessity my weary steps obey ;

And what, tho' wintry time advancing on,  
Loudly proclaims of life the waning sun.

Tho' o'er the glossy honours of my head,  
Its fleeting influence is insidious shed ;

What tho' the boisterous winds of heaven  
descend,

And to the narrow house I rapid bend,  
Let me not mourn the universal doom,

Nor shrink reluctant from the opening  
tomb :

For sure these glooms which seem to shroud  
the grave,

Oblivion's wand o'er each career to wave,  
Are but the prelude of returning spring,

Which in its train immortal joys shall  
bring,

The perfum'd breeze—gay summer's flow-  
ery vest,

Prolific autumn in rich purple drest ;  
These shall perennial live, mid mildest  
skies,

While suns eternal shall unfading rise ;  
No more shall winter's ever ponderous  
wing,

Wide o'er the globe its stormy horrors  
But banish'd to the dark abodes of  
night,

Mankind shall hail the glad some beams of  
light !

Through space interminable bend their  
course,

Knowledge inhaling from its parent source ;  
Retracing suns and systems as they roll,

Amplly dilating the expansive soul.

Then shall philanthropy—blest sove-  
reign reign,

And every sentiment her rule maintain,  
Sincerity with sky rob'd peace entwine,

And order, born of heaven, the trio join,  
Till happiness eventual gathers round,

And truth consummate is with honour  
crown'd,

Till the bright day with deathless splendor  
breaks,

To new born joys till every sense awakes,  
Till man, no more regretting Adam's fall,  
"One vast unbounded spring encircles  
all."

CONSTANTIA.

For the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

### The FUNERAL.

WITHIN an oak's diffusive shade,  
whose top  
Waved high in air, and kissed each pass-  
ing gale,  
I gently laid me down; while naught was  
heard,  
Save the soft sound that whispering fancy  
wrought.

Sudden the deep-toned death-bells aw-  
ful sound  
Came like low thunder rolling on the  
gale,

I turned, and lo! a melancholy train,  
Moving in silence o'er the gloomy fields.  
Just o'er their heads the dismal urn was  
seen,

Slowly majestic waving; while the pall  
Stretched its black skirts and flapped with  
every breeze.

Behind, the mournful, melancholy band,  
Hung down their heads, and wet the  
ground with tears.

Slow they approached to where yon sculp-  
tured stones

In length'ning solitary order stand! there  
slept,

And freed their shoulders of the precious  
load.

Then in the bosom of the yawning grave  
They laid their much-loved friend; and  
turning round,

Bade him a lingering, long and last fare-  
well.

Then quick departing from the mournful  
scene,

With heavy pace, they measured back the  
ground.

All but Salima, who remained there still,  
To pay her last sad tribute to her love,  
And mourn the man she ever held most  
dear.

With pleasure once I view'd the sun's  
broad beam;

But, now his joyful, soul-enlivening ray,  
The clouds of sorrow hide, alas! from me.  
Once I, enraptured in the flow'ry spring,  
Beheld the trees in all their beauty bloom;  
From them I now avert my weary eyes,  
Sad emblems of the youth whose loss I  
mourn.

Once I frequented yonder pleasing grove

And heard the nightingale's melodious lays  
With pleasing rapture and devotive awe.  
Ye tenants of the air, no more will I

Attend to your enchanting songs, but  
seek

Some sympathetic shades to ease my woe.  
When gloomy midnight reigned, I often  
used

To ramble o'er the fields and taste delights,  
Whose every breeze brought pleasure,  
health and love.

But, now far distant all those pleasing  
scenes,

Those sprightly thoughts that revel in my  
breast.

Adieu, ye venerable plains, where oft  
In musing solitude I loved to stray;  
Ye dear retreats of innocence and mirth,  
Receive my sad, my long, my last adieu.  
Soft sighs the grass that on the green tomb  
grows,

And softer still the turtle coos her song;  
So shall my numbers tell thy early fate.

With melancholy grief alone I'll seek  
Yon dreary mountain's solitary cave,  
And count my sorrows all the live-long day.  
For thee, dear youth, I'll tune my mourn-  
ing harp,

And there securely sing down summer  
suns.

LINUS.

### A DESCRIPTION OF WINTER.

FROM mountains of eternal snow,  
And Zembla's dreary plains;  
Where the bleak winds for ever blow,  
And frost for ever reigns;

Lo! Winter comes in fogs array'd,  
With ice, and spangled dews;  
To dews, and fogs, and storms be paid  
The tribute of the muse.

Each flowery carpet nature spread,  
Is vanish'd from the eye;  
Where'er unhappy lovers tread,  
No *Philomel* is nigh.

No blushing rose unfolds its bloom,  
No tender lilies blow,  
To scent the air with rich perfume,  
Or grace my charmer's brow.

Hail! ev'ry pair whom love unites,  
In *Hymen's* pleasing ties;  
That endless source of pure delights,  
That blessing of the wife!

Tho' yon poor orb no warmth bestows,  
And storms united meet,  
The flame of love, and friendship glows  
With unextinguished heat!

MONTHLY

## MONTHLY GAZETTE.

*Summary of Foreign Intelligence.*

## GERMANY.

VIENNA, *Sept. 23.*

THE last official advices from Holland, received some days ago, state, that their condition is altered vastly for the better. In the different actions lately near the capital, the Poles always attacked, and were uniformly victorious. On the nights of the 28th and 29th, 200 men from the camp of General Zapazek surprized two Russian batteries, cut the men to pieces, and carried off their artillery. The details of the particular actions which preceded the retreat of the King of Prussia, would be uninteresting, but all accounts concur in declaring, that the Prussians have entirely evacuated the territories of the republic.

The Austrians having continued to advance, though in an apparent friendly manner, were met by some Polish battalions, which defeated them, and took seventy of them prisoners with their arms and baggage.

The insurgents in Great Poland, on the 21st, sunk at Wrocklawck, fourteen vessels laden with military stores for the siege of Warsaw.

The Polish troops took possession of the Palatinate of Sandamin, and Cracow; and Kosciuszko hangs upon the rear of the Prussian army. Discontents are manifesting themselves so strongly in Silesia, as to cause apprehensions for the safety of that province; and in Lithuania, the Poles have already possessed themselves of the cities of Minsk and Niefwick.

The two English plenipotentiaries have had their audience leave, and will shortly quit this city; but whether they will go direct to London, or to any other place first, we do not know.

With regard to the treaty between Great-Britain and Austria, the following farther particulars have transpired:

1. Great-Britain will immediately pay the subsidies to be granted as soon as Austria shall request them.
2. Great-Britain will most earnestly co-operate in the re-conquest of the Netherlands, to be effected as soon as possible.
3. The Netherlands shall have a standing militia sufficient to cover them.

4. The convention entered into at the Hague shall be annulled.

5. Austria is to receive of Great-Britain the sum of 4,000,000 of florins per annum, for which it shall cover with troops, Maastricht, Breda, and all the frontier provinces.

BERLIN, *Sept. 23.* The king is arrived at Potsdam. The army of the Rhine will certainly be withdrawn, except seventeen thousand men as the electoral contingent. According to the most recent advices from south Prussia, the insurrection is still predominant. The insurgents are said to massacre all the small detachments of Prussians they fall upon unawares, and to hang the officers. This misfortune lately occurred to a counsellor of war, and a young receiver of the excise. Proposals of peace are generally talked of; and it is added that an officer of distinction will shortly be sent to Warsaw for the purpose of negotiating.

## NETHERLANDS.

MANHEIM, *Sept. 25.* Every thing in our neighbourhood has been quiet since day before yesterday. A strong corps of French were said to be seen yesterday marching towards Riesbeck. Field-marshal Moilendorff is again at Kreutzenach. The report of Neustadt being taken by the Imperialists is not true; on the contrary, the enterprize of Gen. Wartenleben has failed, and he has retreated with some loss.

MUNSTER, *Sept. 30.* We have heard nothing here of the approach of a Prussian army, so much talked of, for the relief of Holland: But it appears certain that Gen. Moilendorff is preparing to advance with 12 or 15000 men to succour the Austrians near the lower Rhine.

## ENGLAND.

LONDON, *Sept. 25.* The following particulars, which have not yet appeared, are extracted from a variety of letters, which we have received from correspondents in the British army.

General Pichegru was near being taken on the 12th inst. when his adjutant gen. and another officer were taken by a party of the Hussars of Choiseuil.

The war of posts that has lately been carried



carried on, has given room for instances of cruelty unknown but in civil wars. The Hussars of Choiseuil, almost all emigrants, attacked on the 12th inst. a party of the French called the Hussars de la liberte, and cut every man to pieces.—The French Hussars called out for mercy; but the emigrants, recollecting the mercy their unfortunate brethren had received, did not spare a single man.

A squadron of six sail of the line and 3 frigates, sailed from Brest on the 12th of Sept. to intercept the Mediterranean convoy; twenty other frigates are said to be cruising in the bay of Biscay. The port of Genoa is again open, and the English Minister is shortly expected there.

The towns and villages in France, which have changed their names since the Revolution, amount to 6000.

The contribution which the French levied on Ghent was 7,000,000 of florins.

The last mail brought a letter from Lausanne, containing the following intelligence; Lyons has resumed its name—it is rebuilding—The aristocrats have been recalled to it, and trade begins to revive there.

Yesterday a courier arrived at the Spanish Ambassador's, with letters from the court of Madrid, by which we learn, that the courts of Spain and Naples are come to a determination to prosecute the war with the utmost vigor.

Sept. 29. It is with a degree of emotion which it is impossible for us to describe, but in which we are certain that every loyal subject, and good man, will strongly participate, that we communicate to the public the existence of a plot for the assassination of our most gracious king.

The particulars of this alarming and atrocious design it would be improper at

present fully to disclose; but upon a point on which the public interest will be so much excited, the people have a right to expect some satisfactory information.

Yesterday the privy council sat in their chamber at Whitehall to examine two persons, who were apprehended upon suspicion of being materially concerned in this plot.—The council met early in the afternoon and sat until 4 o'clock.—The persons examined were of the names of William Higgins and John Pierre-Lemaitre. A poisoned arrow was to be aimed at the breast of the king.—This was to be directed from the pit, through an air machine of particular construction, while a riot was to have been raised, which would of course, have attracted the general attention of the audience. Who was to have been the immediate agent in this business, we do not know, but Higgins was to have supplied the poison.—The suspicion of the business first arose from the mechanic employed to make the instrument.

#### FRANCE.

Sept. 7. A letter was read from Cumell, adjutant general of the army in the Alps, informing the convention, that the Piedmontese to the number of 8000 men, attacked the French on the 17th, at three o'clock in the morning; but the dispositions which the French commander with 3000 men, had made to receive them, prevented any desire to return to the charge, and they left 30 prisoners in the hands of the French.

Sept. 17th. *Report of the telegraphe.*—The Republicans pursued, beat the enemy before Bois le Duc, the 28th Fructidor, to the evening; 1500 prisoners, 8 cannon, a number of fusils, waggons and horses are the fruits of the day.

### DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

*Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Europe, to his correspondent in this town.*

"THOUGH I often pay my respects to Mr. Jay, when all present are in the American interest, yet we, none of us, ever could get from him, any thing respecting the stage or forwardness of his business, and from the necessity alone of the British cabinet's granting all and even more than he at one time would have exacted, we have reason to suppose that he will by and by return back, and be heart-

ily welcomed by his fellow-citizens. It is rumoured, and not without some truth, that the British cabinet never had a harder or tougher hand to deal with than they find in Citizen Jay; this, with the critical situation of Great Britain just now, will insure him success; and it has been mentioned in circles where I have been, who are not in the American interest, that he, Mr. Jay, is embracing the present opportunity, and will obtain the privilege of the carrying trade to the West Indies,

Indies, so far as that the United States shall have access to all the islands with free liberty to carry and bring any thing to and from them they please: For instance, a vessel not exceeding 120 tons burthen, may go from Boston, with a cargo of any thing to the island of Jamaica; there sell and purchase a cargo of sugar, and carry it back to Boston, land it, and then if you please, reship it, in any size vessel, and carry it to any European market, except Great Britain and Ireland—

"This point gained, as the United States can carry, in times of peace, for about one half what Great Britain can, she will go near to make a monopoly of the whole carrying business. Altho' Mr. Jay, as before observed, is close in the extreme, yet from this leaking out of the other party, I hardly doubt its truth, and as Great Britain must be at peace with the United States, she will just now grant almost any thing Mr. Jay may demand, and I do not think he will be wanting or sparing in his exertions.

"To attempt to give you a particular account of the political world at this time, would be endless, and needless, as you will doubtless have things detailed in your own papers; and give me leave to observe, generally, That France is every where successful, and such extraordinary genius and energy does she possess, that if the executive of that country should declare they would build a bridge from Calais to Dover, I should think it accomplished. Going on for three months more as they have for the three past, they will have all the cannon in Europe and half the merchant vessels of Great-Britain—Holland must either make a separate peace or be conquered in all the present month; and in either case, France will have the Dutch navy in her scale, and then, by next spring, she will be able to break the back of the British navy; of such importance does France conceive this object to be, that she will not make peace till it is accomplished."

*Philad. Nov. 27.*

By the Pigou, Loxley, arrived yesterday, papers are received only one day later than those before come to hand, but they contain intelligence of the first importance. The siege of Maestricht, that key to part of Holland, may be considered as the immediate consequence of the victory.

*From the Courier of Sep. 26.*

Yesterday a messenger arrived from the

continent, with intelligence of an event perhaps as calamitous as any that has occurred this war.

General Clairfayt has been defeated after an engagement of three days.

His army consisted of between 60 and 70,000 men, and was posted between Maestricht and Liege; his right wing encamped in the neighbourhood of the former, and his left occupying the strong post of La Chartruese.

It was on the left wing the French made their principal attack. It commenced on the 17th inst. and it was not till the 19th, that the French succeeded with a loss on the side of the Austrians of from 12 to 13,000.

The Duke of York was defeated on the 17th, with the loss of 500 men—From the morning herald of Sep. 27. Government, we are informed, are in possession of intelligence of the most melancholy nature from the army of General Clairfayt. This brave, but unfortunate officer, with about 70,000 men under his command, was attacked by the enemy, in immense force, on the 17th instant, between Maestricht and Liege. He sustained the vigorous assault with his wonted courage and intrepidity, in a manner, which, although eventually overpowered by superiority of force, must reflect on him immortal honor. The engagement, it appears, lasted near three days with very little intermission; the two first of which he had apparently the advantage; but on the third the enemy unfortunately succeeded in turning his left wing, and obliged him to make a precipitate retreat to Aix la Chapelle, with the loss of upwards of 12,000 men.

This of course occasions a total change in the plan of operations in that quarter. Maestricht is now, we fear, left entirely unprotected, and Gen. Clairfayt must content himself with acting on the defensive in the best manner he can, and saving the shattered remains of his defeated army. General Jourdan commanded the French troops in this affair, whose loss is not mentioned, but must have been considerably greater than that of the allies.

General Pichegru is pursuing the Duke of York with a force consisting of 80,000 men; and as his Royal Highness cannot hope for any succours from the Austrian army, his plan, doubtless will be, to affect a farther retreat from the dangers with which he appears to be threatened.

The accounts from Holland are most alarming. The Duke of York is said to have

have passed Nimeguen and to be evidently on his retreat across the Rhine; while by the last movement of Clairfayt, he seems also to be on the route to cross the same river. What may be the complete surrender of the field to the French, our intelligent readers will readily see—The possession of Holland which nothing could have given the French but the guilt and folly of our ministers, will add to the march of our enemy such power as must be tremendous, particularly when we consider the situation and extent of the coast and ports from which this additional force will ensue—If already they have committed such devastations on the north seas, what must be the havoc on our trade, when, to such a length of coast they add the shipping, the skill and the industry of the Dutch—We may then be reduced to the melancholy situation, when even our aristocrats will not object, in parliament, to the cutting of canals, as there will be other means of supplying London with coals.

#### BULLION.

In one of the vessels just arrived from France, near three tons of silver in ingots have been imported—This may be a valuable acquisition to the mint of the United States.

#### Dr. PRIESTLY

has been unanimously elected professor of Chymistry, of the university of Pennsylvania—He has, however, declined the appointment, having purchased a lot on the banks of the Susquehanna, in the town of Northumberland, where he intends next spring to build a house, and enjoy the pleasures of rural and domestic life.

The troops which were called out to act against the Pennsylvania insurgents, have returned to their respective homes; except those who have enlisted to serve nine months in order to secure the execution of the laws in the seat of insurrection.

#### TREATY,

lately concluded between the United States and the Indians of the six nations.

The United States to relinquish all claims to the lands known by the name of the Onondaga, Onondago and Cayuga reservations, and another tract of country lying partly upon the lakes Ontario and Erie; to pay the six nations an annuity of 4500 dollars forever; and to deliver to them at the conclusion of the treaty, 10,000

dollars worth of goods. In consequence of which, the six nations relinquish their claims to all other lands within the United States, and also grant the privilege of a waggon road from Slusher to lake Erie, and the privilege of lading vessels in any of the creeks or harbors within their country.

#### IN A TEMPEST,

which took place on the coast of England, about the 1st of October, a great number of vessels were cast away—we sincerely hope that none of our American mariners, were among the unfortunate.

#### HARVARD COLLEGE LOTTERY.

On the 16th. the drawing of the first class of Harvard College Lottery ended—When less than an hundred remained in the wheels—No. 18547 drew 10,000 dollars. This is the property of the College.

#### MARRIAGES.

MASSACHUSETTS—*Boston*, Mr. Matthias Crocker to Miss Rebecca Vollandine, Mr. Joseph Bond to Miss Ruthy Chittenden.

*Barre*, Eleazer James, Esq. attorney at law, to Miss Brooks.

*Holden*, Mr. Rufus Flagg to Miss Rachel Dwella.

*Worcester*, Capt. Joseph Torrey to Mrs. Azubah Goulding.

*Lancaster*, Francis Blake, Esq. attorney at law, to Miss Eliza Augusta Chandler.

*Watertown*, Mr. John Williams to Miss Rhoda Willington.

#### DEATHS.

MASSACHUSETTS—*Boston*, Mr. Joseph Dolbeare, 30; Mr. Alexander Galloway, 32; Mrs. Ann Holden, 55; Mr. William Kennedy, 40; Master John Green, 12; Mrs. Martha Sniverson, of New York, 59; Mr. Ebenezer Weld, 37; Col. Josiah Flagg; Mrs. Mary Woart, 57; Mr. Samuel Cooke.

*Danvers*, Mr. Nathaniel Goldthwait, 87;

*Northfield*, Rev. John Hubbard, 69.

*Sutton*, Rev. Grendall Rawson of Dover, 73.

*Warwick*, Mr. Josiah Gale, 72.

*Worcester*, Doct. Thomas Nichols, 81; Mr. David Johnson, 24.

*Ipswich*, Mr. Benjamin Fellows, 83.

*Gorham*.—Mrs. Elizabeth Gould, aged 26, daughter of the Rev. Paul Cossin, of Buxton.



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